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DON'T BE IN A HURRY!

BY L. H. W.

Do nothing in a hurry; make
As much haste as you please;
For diligence gets through the world
With comfort, skill, and ease;
But, if with thoughtless speed you set,
'Twill put you in a flurry;
So, mind my words—be cool and quick,
But—don't be in a hurry!

When those who'd climb up Fortune's mount
(That hill so steep and tall!)
Attempt to scramble to the top,
They're sure to slip and fall.
While those who firmly plant each step
Her favor surely carry;
So lose no time in pressing on,
But—don't be in a hurry!

If (this to gentlemen) you love,
Why, hasten, I implore you,
To "pop the question" lest, perchance,
Another does before you!
Yet first a question ask yourself—
'Twill save much useless worry—
"Does she love me?" If Doubt reply,
Then—don't be in a hurry!

And you, dear ladies, when you hear
(As all will do in turn)
The interesting "first appeal,"
To pause, ere answering, learn.
Fear not by slight delay to lose
A lover; 'spite your flurry,
"Look ere you leap"—true love will keep.
So—don't be in a hurry!

DOUBLE CUNNING.

The Tale of a Transparent Mystery.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

PROLOGUE.—*The Four Quarters of the Globe.*

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"GOING?" she said, for the Hercules, apparently satisfied, drank the last glass of the wine, rose, flipped a few crumbs from his vest, and then thrust back his chair.

"Only to have a *partie* with the count, and offer him his *revanche*, as he calls it."

"No, no, come away! I want to telegraph to Sheldrake."

"What's the good? They're at sea now."

"Well, then, to write a long letter for them to get at Queenstown when the 'Hudson' arrives. Come away now."

"Shan't!"

"Oh, you're too bad, Jack."

The great fellow took no notice, but, after the fashion of one Astur immortalized by Macaulay, went with his stately stride across to where the little French gentleman was now partaking of his soup, and favored him with a hearty clap on the shoulder.

"Well, count!" he cried, heartily.

The spoon dropped with a clatter back into the plate, the chair was thrust violently back, the napkin which had been tucked French fashion over shirt front and vest was torn off, and, looking like a modern David of Gallic extraction facing a fashionably clothed Philistine, the little Frenchman exclaimed—

"Monsieur!"

That is only a word of two syllables, and we know it means sir; but to hear it snapped out by an irate Frenchman is to have more impression made upon your senses than is produced by the long speeches of some of our greatest, or so-called greatest, orators.

"Why, hallo what's the matter with you?"

"Vous m'avez trompé! Vous——"

"Trumped you! Of course. Fellows who play cards do get trumped. Don't make a fuss about a few francs."

"Vous m'avez triché. Filou!"

"Look here, count, I don't understand your confounded language. If you want to quarrel——"

"To quarr—relle!" half shrieked the little Frenchman. "You are scoundrallie—sempoestairre. Filou!"

As he spoke he struck the young American across the face with the napkin he held in his hand.

The great fellow's face was purple with rage in an instant, and, catching the slight little Frenchman by one arm, and his garments about the hips, he literally lifted him from the floor.

What would have followed it is impossible to say, but just then the well-dressed woman, his companion, caught the great fellow by the arm, and whispered something in his ear.

"All right," he growled; and, losing his hold, the little Frenchman was dropped upon the carpet, and slunk away to begin chattering and gesticulating to the group of guests and waiters who had hurriedly gathered round.

"Come away quickly," said the woman. "Pay the bill."

"Oh, all right! Here, garcon, my bill!"

This was waiting, and paying hastily, the great fellow moved slowly and in rather a swaggering way towards the door, his companion holding tightly by his arm.

"Why, I could eat him like snipe on toast," he growled.

"Yes, yes, but come away now."

They were not to leave without a fresh encounter, for, as they reached the door, a gentlemanly-looking man, who had hurriedly left the group, came up.

"Monsieur is staying?" he said.

"No, I'm not; I'm going," cried the American, whose polish was rapidly leaving him in his angry fit. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Madame will excuse?" said the Frenchman, raising his hat apologetically. "Sir, you will give me your card."

"Haven't one with me. I'm at the Hotel Bristol if you want me. Here, Sarah, come along."

The couple left the great restaurant, and before they had gone fifty yards, the lady signalled with her creamy lace parasol to a passing street carriage, and gave orders for them to be taken at once to their hotel.

"A little fool!" growled the great fellow.

"Someone else must have been the fool," said the lady, sharply. "How clumsy you must have been!"

"Perhaps I was," said the man, sullkily. "What are you going to do? Here, I'm not going to fight that Frenchman his fashion, and have a hole made in me."

"Don't be afraid," said the lady scornfully. "He will fight with the police. We must be off at once. How could you be so idiotic, and at a time like this? If you had left him alone all would have been well."

"No use crying over spilt milk. Well, what's to be done?"

"Sheldrake will be furious, but there's no help for it. We must go on to Homburg. Our friend is sure to come there."

"Humph! 'tis a pity," said the great fellow, whose anger had now evaporated. "Think Homburg will be the best?"

"I don't know. It will do. We are sure to meet him there, or at Baden, or Monaco."

"Then you'll go at once?"

"Would you stop here and have everybody pointing at you as a sharper?"

"Humph! No."

"Then we must be off at once. Your blundering has made a mess of our proceedings at the very outset."

"I'm very sorry, old girl," said the great fellow, remorsefully.

"Sorry! what's the good of that? If you would be guided entirely by me; such things as this would not happen. Here we are!"

The couple dismounted, paid their driver and half an hour later they had settled their hotel bill, and were on their way to the station to take tickets for one of the haunts of play and pleasure further east, Paris not being a convenient field after the troubles of the morning and the previous night.

[END OF PROLOGUE.]

* * * * *

FIRST TRIAL THREADS.

Three months soon glide by in seeing sights on the Continent.

Arthur Range, during twelve busy weeks had seen Paris in all its phases, grown tired of its light gaiety, run south to Marseilles, visited the Pyrenees, peeped into Spain, grown more tired; and then, as is the custom with weary flies, flown straight for the web that had been spun by the ingenious spiders who had devoted themselves to the task of obtaining a large share of the huge fortune of which he was possessed.

He had displayed no ostentation, made no boast during his stay at the various hotels, and if there were any rumors afloat regarding his being an American millionaire, they did not come from him.

After visiting so many lions, Salzingen—with its mineral springs, pretty hotels, with arbor-dotted gardens, charming table d'hotes bands of music, promenades, and the pleasant al fresco life amongst the mountains and pine forests—was delightfully refreshing.

He never was better in his life, but he followed the fashion, consulted one of the resident medical men, took the baths for tonic purposes, drank a great deal of nasty water, and this, if it did nothing else, kept down a certain amount of fever that might have supervened consequent upon a good deal of high play that was going on at the various *salles*.

Perhaps, too, it kept down another fever that threatened—a fire that is lit by bright eyes—for how it came about Arthur Range did not exactly know, only that all at once he found himself on very friendly terms with a Mr. John Pannell, a great bluff American, who was travelling with his sister to see a little of the world.

At first Range had shrunk from the intimacy, but as it was not forced upon him, and he was daily meeting the brother and sister at the same hotel, he grew less icy in his manner.

If he went to drink the waters, he was sure to see Miss Pannell, dressed in the most tasteful of French costumes, and looking very handsome, ready with her cup of the nauseous fluid.

"She certainly is a very handsome woman," he would say, and then, in spite of himself, he felt a little annoyed, for the lady hurriedly finished and then walked away.

The sixth or seventh time, when, on the strength of his having eaten at the same table d'hote, Range raised his hat, his bow was very coldly acknowledged, and once more the lady walked quickly away.

"Proud enough to be an Englishwoman, with blood as blue as indigo," he said to himself, and he felt a little more piqued.

The same plan was being carried out by the big, bluff American.

Go where Range would, he was sure to run up against John Pannell, either walking and reading a guide-book, or else seated at the foot of some fir-tree, smoking a tremendous meerschaum pipe.

Pannell made not the slightest advance, and upon one occasion, when asked for a light, he gave it in a sour, half-sulky way.

"They can't be Americans," said Range to himself, when, encountering these people so frequently, he found himself thinking about them, in spite of a floating thought that they were nothing to him. "They must be English and—pish! what an idiot I am! What are they to me?"

It was one glorious morning, and he was having a good stretching walk up the side of the mountains, where the faint track wound in and amongst the great columnar pines, in whose tops the wind whispered like the faintly-heard roar of the sea.

Every here and there, the great black-lined firs ceased, and the traveler stepped out into the open, from shade to brilliant sunshine, where, far away beneath his feet, some rushing stream struggled on, flashing and glistening in the sunny valley like so much liquid silver in the morning light.

Then there would be another plunge into darkness, and it would seem as if the traveler were in some grand temple whose roof was supported by thousands of columns of ruddy bronze.

Out again into the sunshine to gaze from quite a rocky shelf on the mountain side down into valley and winding dell, and forwards and upwards at heaped-up mountain and long range of pine forest, rock, and misty distance of a purply blue.

"Yes, this is the right path," said Range, to himself. "I'm glad I asked the kellner last night. It's about the finest bit I've seen since I've been in these parts."

The air was delicious, making his blood thrill through his veins, and he strode on with a joyous feeling in his heart that seemed to say that he might climb on for hours without being fatigued.

"It's glorious," he said to himself, after stopping to light a cigar; "and the beauty of it is that none of the water-drinking, promenading, brass-band admiring people come up here. Let me see, what did the kellner say, 'Where the paths divided, take the faint, half-seen track to the right; the views are best.'"

He paused and looked about him.

"Yes, that's it," he exclaimed; "the half-seen track over the rock and turf. Why, it's almost almost as good as being at home, it's so wild and lonely. Not a tourist to be seen. I'll bet anything I don't see a soul. Wonder whether England's anything like this! I could just enjoy having a house nestled in that hollow, with the pine forest and mountain above it, and that silvery waterfall below. What a view! What a—— Hullo, there's something wrong!"

He walked sharply on for some three or four hundred yards, and where the path had entered upon a rugged, picturesque curve round a buttress of the mountain he could see the figure of a man waving a handkerchief, and just beside him, plainly seen through the wondrously clear atmosphere, a lady, half reclining on the short, crisp turf.

"Why, it's the big American fellow and his sister," muttered Range, as he drew nearer. "What's the matter? Is she hurt?"

A minute later he was within speaking distance, and saw the lady rise to a sitting position, holding a bottle of salts to her nose as she half turned away her head.

"Don't think me rude," said the big American, in an abrupt manner, that really did sound rude; "thought I'd hail you. Out for a walk here. Sister slipped. Hurt her ankle. Can't walk. My sister. Sarah, gentleman staying at the Hofmus."

There was a quick exchange of bows, and the lady colored a little, and looked down.

"Oh, don't call it rude," cried Range, eagerly. "I'm very sorry. I hope it is nothing serious. What can I do to help you?"

"Oh, thank you so much!" said the lady in a very soft rich voice. "My brother is making too great a trouble of it. I shall be better soon."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the big American, sharply. "I know what a sprain is. You see we can't get a carriage up here, and as to the donkeys, Sarah——"

"Oh, John, dear, pray!" cried the lady, with a look of horror.

"It would be better if you will allow me"

said Range, "to get two or three strong fellows with poles and a light cane chair."

"Hah! like a Guy Fawkes," cried the big American. "Thank you, that's the idea."

"My dear John!" cried the lady coloring with mortification, "there is no need. I will not; I could not bear too much unnecessary trouble. I am better now. The faintness has gone. I can walk—with your arm."

"Oh, you'd better be carried."

"No, no! Really, John, dear, I beg of you."

"Ah, well, just as you like, only don't blame me."

"Blame you, dear? No," said the lady, sweetly. "I'm much better now. The piece of stone turned as I put my foot upon it. Give me your arm, dear. There! It doesn't hurt very much. I—ah!"

She had risen to her feet with her brother's help, but reeled directly, and as Range darted forward she caught at his arm.

"Ah, how foolish and weak I am!" she exclaimed. "It was only a little pang. I'm sure I can walk now."

"Perhaps you could manage better if you rested on my arm as well?" said Range.

"Oh! I could not think of troubling you," she cried.

"It is no trouble to help any lady in such a position," said Range, gravely.

"But it's like making a pair of crutches of us, Sarah," said the American. Then to Range: "It's awfully kind of you."

"Oh, don't name it, pray! And I think I'm helping friends from the West?"

"Yes; we're from Baltimore," said Pannell, as they walked slowly back, the lady leaning heavily upon the two strong arms, and getting on pretty well. "Let me see, I did hear that you were from the North."

"Yes from Colorado."

"Sarah we ought to beg Mr.—Ranche, isn't your name?"

"Range—Arthur Lincoln Range."

"Oh, ah! Range. We ought to beg Mr. Range's pardon. I'm afraid, sir, we've given you a good deal of cold shoulder."

"Well," said Range, smiling, "as fellow country-folk among strangers, we neither of us seem to have made many advances."

"No, we haven't. You've kept yourself to yourself, and I've kept myself to myself. I didn't know anything about you, and you didn't know anything about me, and did not want to, I'll swear."

"Oh, I don't know," said Range smiling; "one doesn't want to be too exclusive abroad."

"To be sure you're right, quite right; but the fact is, Mr. Ranche——"

"Range, John," said the lady.

"Of course, Range. I say the fact is, Mr. Range, there are so many deadheads and scamps and rascally foreign sharpers out here, and I've twice now been so bitten that I said to Sarah here—my sister, you know—we'll just do our bit of travel to ourselves. Well" he cried, "and that's all. She thinks just as I do."

The lady bowed and smiled faintly.

"I don't want a set of poor penniless German or French fellows hanging about after her, sir."

"John, dear, pray say no more now."

"All right, sis. I don't want to talk. How's the foot?"

"I think it's getting better. It hurts me; but it is easier. I don't think we need trouble Mr. Range any more."

Range insisted, of course, that it was no trouble, and the consequence was that he stayed as one of the lady's supporters all the way down the mountain side, and that walk took a long time.

The lady wished to press on, but her brother insisted upon a good rest every few hundred yards.

Then they made a long halt by a little trickling fall of cold mountain water, and while the lady sipped the clear fluid from the flask-cup her brother carried, he and Range tempered theirs with cognac, and smoked cigars.

It was astonishing how sociable a sprained ankle made the trio, and when at last the level road was reached, and a seat found where a messenger could be sent for a carriage, Arthur Range felt as if he had been intimate with these people ever since he had seen them first; and from that hour he found himself sitting after dinner with John Pannell, sipping coffee—perhaps once in a way in company with his sister, who was very sweet and pleasant, but always rather reserved.

Result:—

One morning Arthur Range said to himself—

"I meant to have left this place a fortnight ago. Well, I shan't go yet."

CHAPTER IV.

HANGING IN THE NET.

It was very pleasant sitting under the trees on the hotel terrace, or in one of the arbors of the bosky garden, listening to the band of music at a distance, and watching the twinkling lights amongst the thick foliage.

Arthur Range was rather fond of sitting an evening out here, and when he did so somehow the lights always suggested to him the twinkling and flashing of the fireflies down by the river, a short distance from the Governor's garden at Malaypore.

Then, naturally enough, he would think of the occupants of that garden on the soft, warm tropic nights—the fierce, gray, ruddy General, and his constant companion, fair, English-looking Judith Nesbitt.

"Ah, those were pleasant nights too," Arthur Range used to say; "but I don't suppose I shall ever see her again, and if I do, it will be with some young polished English officer—wife, or engaged. That was a long time ago, a very long way off, and—hallo! here are the Pannells."

This occurred several times; and though Arthur Range told himself that he was not a marrying man, and though, to do him justice, the position was invariably unsought, matters would happen like this—

John Pannell would saunter up to the table where Range was seated, place a chair for his sister, and sit down too.

Then there would be a chat, during which John Pannell would seem rather restless. After a while he would say suddenly—

"I say, Range, old fellow, are you going to sit here a bit?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind seeing my sister back to the ladies' room if I'm not here in time?"

"Where are you going, John, dear?" the lady would say.

"Oh, just to have a look in upon them at the *salle*."

"But you won't play, dear?"

"Who, I? Now, is it likely?"

Then the great fellow would stroll away, leaving Range and his sister together to converse for a while, till the lady said that the evening was growing chilly, and then her companion would escort her back to the hotel.

This pantomime went on evening after evening, till it had ceased to seem peculiar to Arthur Range.

His lady companion was not very refined but he had not had sufficient experience of high-class life to be a judge, and he found her society very agreeable; and if her hand did rest a little more heavily upon his arm as he escorted her back, it only seemed natural.

She knew him better, and both brother and sister treated him as a friend.

One deliciously warm evening the regular form had been gone through, and John Pannell had strolled off to the tables, leaving his sister and Range in a bosky part of the hotel garden.

There was a special fete that night at another hotel, and consequently the gardens at the Hofhaus were almost empty, and the Herr proprietor had economized the lighting up.

It was cloudy, too, and as Range and his companion sat together his thoughts were once more away to Malaypore, and suggested to him, in the heat and darkness of the evening, that this was Judith Nesbitt seated very near him, and the old gentleman asleep in a chair in an arbor, with a tasselled smoking-cap just dimly seen, was Sir Robert Fanshaw.

The spell was broken by his companion bending forward after a long silence and saying, in her soft, musical voice, as she laid her hand upon his arm—

"Mr. Range!"

He started slightly, and his thoughts came back to Salzingen."

"Yes," he said smiling I am listening."

"Mr. Range," she said again, and her voice was rather husky, "I am in great trouble. Can you help me?"

"Help you?" he said.

"Yes. I ought not, perhaps, to speak to you, a stranger, but you have been so kind to me and my brother, and we are so much alone among strangers, that I thought I would risk your anger and confide in you."

"My anger?" he said.

"Yes, because you may think I ought not to have spoken. You have heard me speak to my brother night after night?"

"What, about going to the tables?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried eagerly. "Oh, I hope—I hope you do not play."

"Well," he said, laughing, "very little. I have lost a few florins there now and then."

"Oh, how sad! And my brother. He has not asked you to play with him at cards?"

"To be honest, no, I don't think he ever has. We have played."

"Oh, Mr. Range!"

"Well, it was not his fault," he said, laughingly; "and I'm afraid I asked him to play with me."

"Mr. Range! and he is so weak that way. And you have been winning his money?"

"Not guilty, fair judge," said Range, laughingly. "He has been winning mine."

"How much?" she cried eagerly. "You must let me pay it back."

"Debts at cards are considered debts of honor, I believe," said Range, warmly; "and matters connected with play should, I think, be matters of confidence; but, at any rate, I would not let you restore the trifle I have lost, and I am sure your brother would not like you even to offer it."

"No! he would not. John is so frank and chivalrous; but all this distresses me terribly, Mr. Range. I have such a horror of gambling. I wanted to ask you to help me coax my brother away from these tables, and you have confessed to me that you too play. It distresses me more than I can say."

There was a sob here, and Range saw, dimly enough, a handkerchief applied to his companion's eyes.

"You are distressing yourself, and I think without reason," he said, speaking in a low, earnest voice. "I don't think your brother is losing money."

"You don't know, you don't know," she sobbed. "It is so dreadful to be alone, as it were, here, away from all our friends, and my brother yielding. I am sure to the temptations spread about in the shape of gaming tables."

"But he seems shrewd and clever. He would do nothing foolish."

"I—I don't like to—to speak about my brother to one who is almost a stranger."

"Pray don't treat me as a stranger," said Range, warmly. "I have known you a little while, and you must remember that I am a fellow-countryman."

"Yes, yes," sighed the lady, "I do think of that. I could not otherwise have spoken to you in such a way as this."

There was a momentary silence, and Range felt his position.

"There, there," he said, "I don't think you have any reason to fret about your brother."

"You—you don't know," she sighed.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Range. "He likes, perhaps, to go to the tables, as I have done, to win a louis or two, for the sake of seeing how people win and lose. If you were to ask him not to play, I feel sure he would yield. I would in a moment," he added, laughingly.

"You would?" she said, dreamily. "You would—if I asked you?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then pray—pray promise me—for your own sake. Gaming is so terrible!"

"To a woman, say," cried Range, playfully. "We men do not think it so horrible."

"No, no," she said, with a bitter sigh. "You do not feel it as we do. When we were in Paris—but I ought not to speak of it, indeed."

"Oh, I don't know," said Range, for want of something better to say.

"But you will not play any more?" she said, eagerly.

If you wish me not to play. There, I promise you," he said.

"Then I will tell you," she said, excitedly. "When we were in Paris, John played much and lost; and now he is taking to it again, and it may mean trouble. He had a quarrel in Paris with a French count who cheated him."

"Well, then, we must wean him from it, Miss Pannell. I'm sure if you appeal to him he will give it up."

"I don't know," she sobbed, "and I have no one to fly to for counsel. I spoke to him yesterday, and again to-day, and he repulsed me angrily. Mr. Range, I have no friends to help me here. Do, do pray try and turn him from the terrible attraction. You are so wise and clever, and I am only a helpless woman, and—and——oh, what shall I do!"

She bent down lower and lower, till her face rested on her hands, and Range could tell that she was weeping bitterly.

It was an awkward position, but his sympathies were aroused, and kindly and gently he whispered a few words of comfort.

"You are exaggerating the trouble," he said. "You are, as I told you, making it as tender-hearted women will, worse than it is. Pray, pray don't weep; it pains me; and—there, there, I promise you I'll do all I can to watch over your brother."

"You will Mr. Range?" she said, half hysterically, and raising her face suddenly, she caught her hand in hers. "You will? Ah! how can I ever thank you for all this?"

Just then there was a step on the grass, and a great dark figure loomed up at their side.

CHAPTER V.

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.

JOHN PANNELL always looked big; seen in the gloom of that night, he appeared gigantic.

His sister started back into her seat as if overwhelmed.

Arthur Range felt really confused and annoyed, the more so that there seemed to be a great change in Pannell's tone as he said—

"Thought I'd come back to-night. Getting damp. Hadn't you better go in, Sarah? Coming to have a cigar, Range?"

They were very simple words, but each of the parties addressed took them as a command, and, rising, they walked up slowly to the hotel with Pannell, scarcely a remark being made.

"I suppose I'm to be asked what my intentions are towards the lady," thought Range, biting his lips angrily. "Confound it all! what hysterical creatures women are. Well, I shall speak out."

By this time they had reached the great portico, where a few of the visitors were seated about, like glow-worms, each with a bright spark of light visible about the lips, from which a faint vapor now and then arose.

Here John Pannell stopped, and his sister turned to Range, holding out her hand.

"I shall not see you again to-night," she said, in a subdued voice.

"Why does she speak to me like that before her brother and these people?" thought Range, angrily, as he took the extended hand, to receive an unmistakable pressure in answer to his own honest grip.

"Humph! Poor thing! She means it as a reminder to me about her brother," he added; and then they stood together, watching the tall, graceful figure cross the well-lit hall towards the grand staircase, where the lady turned for a moment to look back towards the entrance, and then passed out of their sight.

"Now for it," thought Range, drawing a long breath as his big companion laid a hand familiarly upon his shoulder.

"Care to come across to the board of green cloth?" said Pannell.

Range gave a sigh of relief, and his late companion's prayer came back.

"No, no; not to-night," he said, hastily.

"Oh, very well. Let's go in here and have a cigar."

"In here" was a special room in the hotel where cigars were smoked, and coffee and stronger drinks sipped; where large, heavily-made dominoes clicked upon marble tables, and a couple here and there could be seen at cards.

Every moment, as Range met Pannell's eye, he expected to hear some allusion to the scene in the garden, but nothing was said; and though the great fellow seemed to look at him rather searchingly, his next words were—

"Have a hand at cards?"

It may have been from mere cowardice, but those words had with them a wonderful sense of relief, and there was something ridiculously boyish in Range's after-thought as he said to himself after accepting the challenge—

"It will keep him out of mischief if his sister's ideas are right."

Arthur Range lay awake for some hours that night, weary in his mind, but without any suspicion.

He was four hundred pounds poorer than when he entered the card-room, but that troubled him very little.

He was satisfied from the evening's experience that Miss Pannell was right, and that her brother had a strong liking for gambling; and this too convinced him that the lady's rather demonstrative behavior was the result of emotion, and that after all she had only appealed to him as a friend.

He was satisfied on that point but uneasy upon another. Was he confident about himself?"

A fortnight glided by, and still Arthur Range lingered in the pleasant watering place.

He played occasionally with Pannell, and sometimes won; but the balance of success against him was rather heavy.

He did not mind, however, for he kept Pannell from the dangerous green-clothed tables; and, somehow, life seemed to be gliding along very pleasantly, with the memory of Judith Nesbitt growing more faint as the name of Sarah Pannell became more fixed in his thoughts.

For the past few days he had been anxious, expecting as he did, some demand for an explanation from the big brother; but it did not come, and a habit began to grow upon Arthur Range.

Instead of taking long walks in the pine-woods, and on the mountain side, or drives to the more distant portions of the country, he found himself strongly affecting one of the dense arbors in the great hotel grounds where he could sit and dream, and think about the tall, dark, graceful woman whose eyes always seemed to light up and voice grow softer when he approached.

One day he went so far as to ask himself whether he was falling in love, and then he laughed, said it was ridiculous, and for the whole of the rest of that day he thought of nothing but his former voyage and a soft, fair face, with quite a halo of silky, golden hair, in which the sunlight seemed to play.

That night Arthur Range went to his rest feeling more content than he had for days.

"It's all nonsense," he said. "I'm not going to get into any entanglement of the sort. "I have been here too long. I'll go."

His sleep was wonderfully refreshing that night.

Perhaps it was because he left his window open, and the fresh breeze, laden heavily with the resinous odors of the pine floated in.

At all events, he rose the next morning feeling as if he had shaken off a lethargy, and met his friends at breakfast, ready to make the announcement to them that he was going to leave next day.

Somehow, he did not speak then.

If asked why, he would have scorned to own that he shrank from speaking before John Pannell; but at all events he put it off.

"I am under no obligation to them," he said to himself, as he went to his favorite arbor for a smoke, when the Pannells had retired to write letters. "He has won about five hundred pounds of me and he is welcome to it. I can afford it," he added, with a grim smile; "and as for Miss Pannell, she doesn't care for me; I don't care for her, and I wish I had run away before from this lotus-eating, waltz-dancing, enervating place."

He felt all that day as if he would like to quietly pay his bill and go; but it would seem so rude to people with whom he had been on friendly terms.

The day passed, dinner-time came, and with it opportunities for making the announcement of his departure; but he still kept it back, from some uneasy sense that the parting would be unpleasant.

"I wish it were over," he said to himself, in a vexed manner. "Bah! what a mountain I am making of a mole-hill!"

* * * * *

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

The dinner came to an end, the ladies left the table, and after a chat with Pannell, during which the latter talked a good deal about a great pigeon-shooting match at Monaco that day, Range strolled into the garden, and finding himself at last seated alone with his companion's sister, he said, lightly—

"By-the-way, our pleasant little intimacy has had its run. I say good-bye to you to-morrow morning."

"Good-bye! To-morrow!" gasped the lady, turning her great eyes upon him; and though it was too dark to see, Range felt that she had turned pale, while the spasmodic manner in which she clutched his hand showed that she was very deeply moved.

"Yes," he said, trying to speak quietly, "I have stayed here already far longer than I intended; but you and your brother have made my visit very pleasant. Perhaps we shall meet again somewhere later on."

"Oh!"

"Miss Pannell!" exclaimed Range, quickly, as his companion uttered a low moan and sank back in her chair.

"Don't—don't speak to me," she whispered, hoarsely. "Don't touch me. I shall be better soon. I—oh, heaven help me, it is too hard to bear!"

She seemed fainting, and, hastily rising Range caught her by the arms, for she seemed as if about to glide from her chair to the earth.

As he touched her, she thrust him from her with an angry movement, and then flung her arms about his neck, sobbing passionately.

"Mr. Range—Arthur! I cannot bear it. I shall die."

"My dear Miss Pannell!" he then said, hastily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

May's Fortune.

BY E. W P.

WHAT am I to do with her, James? The child will be a woman soon; what am I to do with her?

A shade of perplexity was in the speaker's tone, and his gaze rested not on the man beside him, a man his junior by too short a scale of time for the difference to have left outward impress, but beyond the room, out through the open window onto the lawn, where stood a girl caressing a superb stag-hound.

Unconsciously she made a picture lovely enough to arrest any gaze.

The perplexity on Frederick Fabian's handsome face vanished in amaze, as his companion gave short, quick answers to his half-involuntary question in the words—

"Give her to me."

For a moment astonishment rendered him dumb.

"Give her to you?" he gasped, at last. "Why, Dick, old fellow, what would an old bachelor like you do with a girl like that? If you'd really like to adopt one of the children, I might turn one of the boys over to you; but, somehow, I don't quite think that I could spare May.

"And I'm not sure she'd accept another father, notwithstanding the manifold advantages which might accrue to her. Fortune's ills divided an this world, is it not?

"Here you are, a bachelor, with a clear income of eight thousand per annum; and here am I, the father of an interesting family of six, and your income divided by just about that number. No wonder I never can make both ends meet."

"I don't think you quite understood my proposition, Fred," responded the other, though a flush had risen to his usually pale face, and a scarcely perceptible tremor of excitement was in his voice.

"It was natural perhaps that you should accept meaning from a paternal standpoint; and I am well aware—believe me—of the slight difference in our respective ages. But I didn't wish to adopt May as my daughter. I love her, and would win her for my wife."

"Your wife, man," ejaculated Fabian, starting back in amaze. "Why, the child is scarcely out of the nursery, and you—you—Why, we were college boys together, James."

"I told you a moment since I was not forgetful of my age; but remember you married, Fred, when you were twenty. May is eighteen, and I am thirty-six, just double her age, but not too old to love her with a favor a younger man might envy me. Fred if I can gain her constant, may I have yours?"

Mr. Fabian outstretched his hand, and grasped that of his friend.

"I can't realize it all in a minute, my dear boy, but I know no man to whom I would as soon instrust my darling. But can it be that she loves you, and I have been so blind as never to suspect?"

"I dare not believe she loves me, but I hope to win her love," answered Mr. James quietly, and then stepped out through the window onto the lawn.

A vivid blush overspread the girl's face as he approached her.

"Down, Carlo, down!" she commanded the dog, and advanced to meet him on the green velvety sward.

Was she unprepared for the earnest words which told her of his hope, and how the verdict rested with her?

If so, she evinced no surprise, save that color deepened in her cheek, and the low "Yes" which fell like a whisper from heaven on his ear, trembled in its utterance.

Dick James had won her promise to become his wife.

Yet it seemed but yesterday that he had held her on his knee a little, prattling child whose rosy fingers penetrated into his pockets for hidden sweets, even as she herself had penetrated into the innermost recesses of his heart.

She was a child to him still.

He would keep her a child always, he said to himself.

Her path should be a bed of roses, and not a single thorn should pierce her little feet. It was a singular engagement.

The lovers were rarely alone, and Mr. James' footing had always been so close and intimate, as one of the household, that there was little change.

True, he never came now without some rare and beautiful gift for May, but lately she received these with a sort of petulance, and tossed them the next moment carelessly aside.

Once, just before her wedding-day, she burst into a passion of tears; but she would give him no explanation of their cause.

He remembered them later in connection with the arrival that same afternoon of a young soldier-cousin, who had been bidden to the wedding, and had obtained special leave to be present.

After dinner May and this cousin, a tall splendid-looking young fellow, strolled together out upon the lawn.

As once before, James and her father stood watching her.

"They look well together, do they not?" said the latter. "I used to fancy Will had a preference for May, but I don't think my acumen in such matters has proved itself very acute."

And, with a light laugh, he turned slowly away.

But James stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the two figures on the lawn.

Standing there, he felt an old man.

In that moment, May's acceptance of him appeared a sacrifice, but to give her up now.

He could not even carry out the thought.

Pshaw!

What brightness could this penniless subaltern throw into her life?

And her father had fancied only his preference for her, and not her for him.

He made a gesture as if throwing off a burden, and walked out towards them.

As he approached, the young lieutenant was speaking.

"It's driving me to desperation, May!" were the words borne to his ear.

And as May turned to greet him, glistening tears were in the azure eyes.

Three days after she became his wife, and when the solemn vows were spoken, her voice was clearer, more distinct, than his.

Lieutenant Crosby bore his share in the ceremonies well, too.

But never did Dick James's glance fall on him without a shuddering recollection of the words he had heard him utter on the lawn.

But at last all was over, and May was his.

How should he treat this beautiful, new-found treasure?

No sorrow, he swore to himself, should ever cast its shadow on her path.

She should be always what she was now, a beautiful, petted child.

Once, a few months after their marriage, a letter reached him at the breakfast-table.

He broke the seal, to find it a communication from his business manager, with detailed account of the failure of a large firm, and their own heavy loss thereby.

It would be necessary for him to give the matter at once his own personal attention.

It looked, too, the letter said, as though a panic was imminent.

Unconsciously he sighed deeply.

In a moment, May had sprung from her chair, and was by his side.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked.

"Nothing, darling!" he answered very cheerily.

The lovely lips pouted.

"Show me the letter," she said, and outstretched her hand.

He shook his head.

"It is business, dear," he explained.

"But it troubles you, Dick?"

"Your imagination, May."

She said no more, and the man was too absorbed by thought to note the look of almost anger in her eyes.

They were spending the summer at his beautiful country residence.

All day the young wife was left alone, and at evening, when Dick returned from the city, a worn, tired look, quite new to it, was on his face; but May asked him no more concerning it.

The next morning, the single letter which the mail-bag held was addressed to her.

She glanced up from its perusal with flushed cheeks.

"Will Crosby has a six weeks' furlough!" she said eagerly. "He writes that he is coming to spend part of it with us. You remember we invited him when we were married."

"Ah, I remember!" assented her husband, he had almost forgotten his old suspicion during these happy months, "I am glad, dear, that this visit is timed just now, for though I had intended to take a long summer holiday, business, I find, will demand my attention in the city."

"Is anything wrong, Dick?"

"Wrong? Nonsense, child! Don't get such ideas in your pretty little head. What could be wrong?"

And rising, and kissing her as he passed, he went out of the room.

A few days later, the expected guest arrived.

When James returned one evening from the city, the two were standing together upon the lawn, and as in a flash of lightning, his memory recalled to him the first time he had looked upon a similar picture.

A new brightness, a new gladness, was in May's face, too, as she came eagerly forward to greet him.

A sudden sense of pain and loneliness crept about his heart.

The day in town had been an unusually perplexing one.

A crisis was pending in the near business future, a crisis which bade fair to be a commercial whirlwind, but he could not disclose his anxieties to any one, and least of all must his child-wife suspect them.

Yet, the effort to conceal them caused a very strange constraint in all that he said or did.

He no longer sought to be alone with May, until one day it came upon him like an inspiration that she, too, no longer sought him.

Lieutenant Crosby had been three weeks their guest, when the threatening storm burst.

Around about him, on every side, Mr. James saw the houses, which he had deemed solid as his own, totter and fall.

Each fall bore with it a portion of his own fair edifice.

How long might he hope to withstand such shocks?

It needed but one more blow, and on one August day the blow fell.

Unless by the next morning, before noon, he could command a certain sum, he, too, would be swept away with the tide, a bankrupt.

Just the amount needed represented his wife's private fortune, but to touch that never entered his mind.

At least May was secured from future want, and he must leave her to build up his shattered fortunes in a new land.

She had never loved him!

He was sure of that; and latterly—latterly, he had begun to realize that he had had no right to tie her young life to his.

Worn and weary with these many thoughts, he returned to his home.

May greeted him almost indifferently, only the next moment to turn to young Crosby with the most radiant smile.

James's face paled.

Yet what right had he to murmur? he told himself.

Had he not sworn to possess her at any cost? And was he not a ruined man?

Crosby, the penniless subaltern, as he had called him, would have done better for her than that!

When dinner was ended, he went into his library and closed the door.

For a time he sat wrapped in very deep thought.

Perhaps an hour had passed, when solitude grew unbearable.

He would rejoin his wife and their guest, he determined.

To-morrow night—only to-morrow night—and May must know all.

For the first time in his life he felt himself a coward. But to night was yet his.

To-night May neither knew nor suspected the truth.

He rose and passed out into the drawing-room, whose windows opened on the porch.

His footsteps made no sound on the carpeted floor, and he had reached the window, when something like a sob arrested his steps.

"May, I must speak," said a voice he recognized, as belonging to his guest. "Do you think I have been three weeks under this roof without discovering your secret? You are not happy. Your laughter, your gaiety, is forced. What is wrong? Do you fear to confide in me?"

"Wrong?" she answered with tears in her voice. "All is wrong, Will. What am I to my husband but a spoiled and petted child? Look at him! Do you fail to see the change these last few weeks have wrought in him?

"Yet, each time that I have striven to gain his confidence, he has shut me out from it and his heart. He has sent me from him as he would send a child to her dolls. He showers gifts upon me, and fancies thus he buys my happiness.

"Am I, indeed, so little a woman that thus he satisfies my woman's hunger, my woman's heart? And I love him so madly, Will, that to know I have no part or portion in his real life is killing me. Always he has been my ideal, my hero.

"Do you think I could have sympathized in your trouble, Will, if I had had none of my own? Often—often have I wished that all this splendor in which I live might be wiped away, and that Dick and I shared a cottage, that I might prove to him I was not a child, with new toys ever needed to comfort me."

James failed to hear no more.

The scales had fallen from his eyes.

Conscience-stricken, he crept back to his library, while only two words burst from his lips.

They were at once a thanksgiving and a prayer.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, and now the morrow mattered naught to him.

A few moments later he stepped out on the porch.

"May," he said, "will Lieutenant Crosby pardon us if I ask you to stroll down to the lake with me? I have something of importance to say to you."

Instantly she rose, and slipped her hand within his arm.

"My darling," he began—and then the history of all these weeks was poured out before her.

"To-morrow may see me a ruined man, little wife," he concluded; "but I have no fear of the future now, May, for I realize the word 'wife' holds a hitherto unknown definition. It means helpmate and comforter."

The tears fell freely now from the azure eyes, but they were tears of happiness, and her heart sang for very joy.

"And has my money gone, Dick?" she asked, at last, when all was clear to her.

"No, dear, of course not. That is a sacred fund, and must have no risk in its investment."

"Yet to-morrow it will pay this debt," she said, and the man started at the clear decision and determination in her tone.

"We will sink or swim together, Dick—you and I."

And so she gained her way.

"Then, after all, May, Crosby could not have won you from me in equal fight?" he asked, as they drew near the house. "Do you know darling, my confession is not complete until I acknowledge the jealousy he has caused me?"

"Will?" She laughed merrily now, and the laugh was nowise forced.

And as the last cloud vanished from the blue sky, and the commercial atmosphere cleared simultaneously. May's fortune saved the day, and Dick James came out stronger and better for the battle.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LAW OF SEX.—A London paper mentions the discovery, after twenty years study, of the law of sex, which says the author, "is determined by what I shall designate as the superior parent; also that the superior parent produces the opposite sex." The law is illustrated by many examples.

ADORATION OF THE NATIVITY.—An author in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," mentions meeting an Indian at midnight, creeping along in the stillness of a beautiful Christmas Eve. The Indian made signals to him to be silent, and, when questioned as to his reason, replied: "Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit and look up."

EARLY COLORS.—The natives of America were acquainted with the use of colors at a very remote period. Their first coloring materials were undoubtedly supplied by the ochres, root-black and lime, while experiment gradually taught them to extract vegetable colors from leaves, fruits, roots, stems and seeds. An animal coloring matter, like the Tyrian purple, was yielded by sea-mollusks. The Peruvians and the Mexicans were able to dye their cloths, and Peruvian mummy-wrappings which have been found after having been buried for centuries still retain their primitive color.

LIVING ON HIS FRIENDS.—A gentleman who wanted a pair of stockings, stopped into a shop and asked to be shown a good pair. The shopkeeper placed five pairs before him, out of which the gentleman selected a pair, the price of which, he was informed, was $1.00. "That is too much," said the customer; "I am a friend of your house, and always come to your shop, and you must let me have the stockings for something less." "I am thankful to you for your patronage," said the shopkeeper, "but I cannot let you have the stockings for less. I am obliged to live on my friends, because my enemies never come to buy anything of me."

QUICKSILVER.—One of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or of forming amalgams with other metals. A sheet of gold foil, dropped into quicksilver, disappears almost as quickly as a snowflake when it drops into water. It has the power of separating or readily dissolving those refractory metals which are not acted upon by our most powerful acids. The gold and silver miners pour it into their machines holding the powder gold-bearing quartz and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substance, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt them out, and incorporate it into the mass.

A HUMAN HAIR.—A single human hair indicates whether the air supplied in the ventilation at the Capitol at Washington is too moist or too dry. A perfectly dry air is put at zero. Saturated air; that is, air carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100. The human hair absorbs moisture, and, like a rope, becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet and the same hair when dry is made to represent the 100 degrees of moisture on the dial; and the hand or pointer moves backward or forward as the moisture in the hair varies. If it becomes too dry, more steam is thrown in; if too moist, less steam is allowed to escape. And thus the atmosphere is regulated at a wholesome point.

FIVE MILLION AT ONE STROKE.—Rothschild cleared five million dollars at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. He was at Hougoumont on the day of the battle, and scanned the fight as earnestly as Wellington himself, though for a different purpose. Immediately he had assured himself that the day was gained by English troops he posted with the utmost speed to the coast, where he had some difficulty in finding any one to take him over the water—the day being stormy and lowering. At length, for a large sum he induced a boatman to attempt the perilous passage, and by means of forced journeys arrived in London a day in advance of the earliest dispatches (telegraphs and railway-trains being, of course, at that time unknown). Here he caused the report to be spread that the English troops had sustained a severe defeat; and his known agents sold out bonds, whilst his secret agents bought them in, to-morrow, the true facts becoming known, Rothschild sold out, at a profit, it is said, of not less than $5,000,000.

CURED BY LAUGHTER.—A short time since, two individuals were lying in one room, very sick, one with brain-fever, and the other with an aggravated case of the mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of the fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake up the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakening both the nurse and fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patient vastly improved, and he said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better.

A PUZZLE.

We two had a row,
Somehow.
Perhaps she was fretful, and I didn't care,
Or perhaps I did something that she couldn't bear,
Or perhaps a depression advanced in the air:
But, however that be, the disturbance was there,

And a storm began to brew,
At first it muttered,
And hard words were uttered:
Then harder and harder, until things grew
Supremely unpleasant for each of the two.

And I came to think
We had reached the brink
Of the grave of a friendship whose loss we should rue.
So I begged her pardon—what less could I do?
She declared she was sorry—I hope it was true.

And the tempest's frown
Smoothed slowly down,
And it rambled, and sighed,
And whispered, and died
Away.
Yet all I can say,
To this very day,
Is—We two had a row
Somehow.
But I couldn't make out
What brought it about,
And I don't know now.

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE days that followed were full of care and perplexity for Lilian.

She could not tell whether Sir Ronald recognized her.

The children had duly presented her to him when he chanced to meet them in one of their rambles, and he had shaken hands with her in a perfectly composed manner.

He addressed her as a stranger; only once or twice he made an almost imperceptible pause in speaking her name, as though it had quite escaped him, or were a matter of doubt.

He declared he had lost his way, and attached himself to the schoolroom party to be escorted back to the Castle quite as a matter of course, although Lilian showed pretty plainly he was unwelcome.

"You will show me the way, won't you?" he said, pleadingly to the little girls. "Miss Green,"—to Lilian—"you won't enjoy your own luncheon if you think of me wandering aimlessly about without any."

He talked chiefly to the children during the walk, but as they were nearing the house he suddenly asked Lilian—

"Were you ever in Blankshire, Miss Green?"

"I have been very little in England," she returned. "I think I know no county really well except Monmouthshire."

He looked at her steadily.

"Did my question offend you?"

"Not at all. Why do you ask?"

"Because, pardon me, you did not answer it," and then he devoted his attention to the children, leaving the governess to digest his words.

It was not a pleasant prospect they had conjured up.

If he, indeed, recognized her, it was in his power to tell her whole history to Lady Dacres.

Lilian realized sadly that things would look very black against her.

An impostor, a pretended suicide! Sir Ronald might describe her by all these names, if it seemed good to him.

Miss Cash's arrival created a diversion. From childhood she had visited at the Castle, and the little girls knew her very well.

She managed to spare time to come pretty often to the schoolroom, and she was very kind to the beautiful, fair young governess.

"You looked fagged to death!" she said, coming in late one evening, on her way to her own room. "Miss Green, I shall tell Lady Dacres that you are overworked, and need a holiday."

"Please, don't," said Lilian, piteously. "Oh, Miss Cash, please promise me you won't!"

"Of course I won't, if you ask me not; but, seriously, you look quite ill!"

"I am a little tired."

"Children troublesome?"

"Oh, no!"

"Private troubles, eh? Or are you suffering from the English complaint called homesickness? Come, tell me!"

"I could not suffer from that, Miss Cash."

"Why not?"

"I have no home to long for!"

"No home at your age! Why you look a perfect child!"

"I am nineteen!"

"And you really have no home?"

"So really, that if Lady Dacres insisted on my taking a holiday, I should only go into lonely lodgings! I am happier with the children, Miss Cash, than alone in London!"

"But haven't you any relations?" asked the heiress, bluntly.

"Not one in the world!"

Sophia was touched.

She bent over the bowed head and kissed the fair, white brow.

"You are like me. I have neither kith nor kin. But, Miss Green, there is a relationship nearer than father or mother, brother or sister, and I hope you may choose to fill it to some good man. I have heard that the decision rests with you."

Lilian blushed.

The heiress continued—

"When one is alone in the world, marriage is a terrible temptation. Miss Green, won't you congratulate me on yielding to it?"

The girl smiled. No thought of the truth came to her.

"Are you going to be married? I hope you will be very happy, I am sure, Miss Cash."

"And you don't ask me whom I am going to make happy. Come, guess!"

"I know so few people," said Lilian, apologetically, "I really can form no idea."

"Well, it is no secret, though it was only settled this afternoon.

"Everyone knows all about it; and Lady Dacres is busy planning my wedding. As I used to be a kind of ward of Sir John's, she is good enough to wish me to be married from the Castle."

A faint dread seized Lilian; not for herself.

All love for Ronald Trevlyn had died out of her heart long ago, but she was full of pity for the generous woman before her. What would her life be like linked to Ronald's?

"You have not told me the name," she said, hoping against hope she was mistaken.

"I am to be Lady Trevlyn!"

Lilian turned so white that a momentary suspicion crossed Miss Cash that her lover had been flirting with Lady Dacres' pretty governess.

"What is the matter?" she asked very sharply.

"Nothing, except a pain in my side. I often have it at night when I am over tired."

"Indigestion!"

"Very likely. Shall you live at Trevlyn Court when you are married, Miss Cash?"

"Oh dear no; the Court has been sold months ago. Sir Ronald is about as poor as a church mouse; but then, you see, I am very rich, so we shall get on pretty comfortably!"

"I hope you will be happy."

"I hope so. They say marriage is a lottery; but I don't think either of us are romantic, and we are old enough to know our own minds," then, quite forgetting the suspicion which had troubled her, she kissed the governess affectionately, and bade her good-night.

"She will be his wife," thought Lilian. "Lady Trevlyn; rich, courted, honored; but, oh, I pity her! I would rather be as I am, nameless, poor, and obscure, than be Lady Trevlyn, for he will break her heart! He pretended to love me; he tried to lure me to my ruin. He is hard and cold; there is no pity in his nature!"

She spoke the words half aloud in her agony; a struggle was going on in her heart.

Miss Cash had shown her many a little kindness; she of all the party at the Castle had been the only one to remember that the governess was young and gently reared with tastes and feelings like their own.

Heiress though she was, she had found time to spend many a half-hour in the schoolroom, and to do much to brighten Lilian's life.

Now the girl heard she was to be married to a man utterly unworthy of her—who would embitter her whole future!

No wonder she longed to go boldly to Miss Cash and warn her of the character of her betrothed—no wonder that in her emotion she spoke her opinion of him aloud!

"A very pretty sentiment!" said a mocking voice in her ear. "Pray were you imparting your opinion of me to my fiancee? I see that she has just left you."

Sir Ronald was at her elbow. He had entered, unperceived, in time to hear her last words.

There was a look of bitter anger upon his handsome face.

He was not in a passion; his displeasure was that cold, determined rage, which is more vindictive than the fiercest invectives.

"I did not impart my sentiments to Miss Cash," returned Lilian, proudly.

"But you mean to?"

She was silent.

In very truth she had been deliberating that question within herself.

"It matters little," said Sir Ronald, mockingly. "I am a gentleman and a baronet. My whole life is open for her inspection. Do you think she would believe accusations launched at me by a nameless impostor?"

All doubt was solved then. He had recognized her; he knew she was his sometime betrothed—the girl men had once called Lilian Earl!

Was he thinking of the days when she had been his own, when it had been his right to take what kisses he pleased from those full, arched lips?

Was he contrasting her girlish grace, her fair ethereal loveliness, with the robust form and plain face of his heiress-fiancee?

"The farce had better end now!" he said, roughly. "You are the girl Lord Earl tried to palm off upon society as his daughter. Your name may be Green; I can't exactly prove that it is not, but I know enough of your past history to make Lady Dacres consider you an unfit inmate of the Castle. You are in my power, Lilian. Do you hear? In my power for all time!"

She looked him, and her heart sank. As well ask pity of the nether millstone as seek it at his hands!

One wild longing came to her that Guy Ainslie was at her side, one vain regret that Archibald Darby, who loved her so truly and so well, was not there to cope with her enemy; then she summoned her courage and turned to him.

"I have never injured you, Sir Ronald—never once. Why should you seek to blight my life?"

"You were mine!" he said, passionately; "you were mine, and you escaped me!"

"Say, rather, that when I lost name and fortune I lost your love, too," she corrected him. "Love do I call it! It can never have deserved that name, or you would not threaten me!"

"It was love!" said Ronald, fiercely; "such love as I have never felt for any other creature. If you had been Miss Earl—if you had married me—I should have been a different man!"

The words were wrung from him in his anguish.

The veins stood out upon his forehead like thick purple cords.

Lilian realized dimly that he had loved her—loved her as much as men like him can do.

"I would have married you," she said, faintly. "The rupture of our engagement came from yourself, Sir Ronald."

"You would have married me, but you demanded a grand public wedding, a luxurious bridal! You would not be content with love; you could not trust me!"

She sighed.

She had been very near trusting him; but she had never regretted not doing so, not even during those dreary weeks in London.

Since she had seen him again she regretted it still less.

"It was best for you," she said, quietly. "I left you free—free to win a wealthy wife as I hear you have done."

"You left me to bear the burden of your lies!"

"What do you mean?"

"It was highly melodramatic, no doubt, to commit suicide," he said, with a sneer; "and that high flown captain and the dence of a lawyer were quite taken in by it. Of course they laid your sin at my door—came and preached at me for half-an-hour—declared I had driven you to it."

"I never thought of that," she confessed. "Life was very hard to me. I could not live upon their charity. I could not come to you. The only thing I thought of was to disappear!"

"Ay, without thinking who was to bear the odium of it! That's just like a woman—selfish to the core!"

"But it has not hurt you!" she persisted.

"It has made me an alien from my birthplace. The idiots round Trevlyn chose to look upon me as your murderer. As soon as my mother died I sold the court."

He did not tell her that his difficulties necessitated this step even more than his unpopularity, but such was the case.

"I am so very sorry," said Lilian, gravely. "All I wanted was to go away, and be no trouble to anyone. I never thought of bringing annoyance on you."

"And you have done well for yourself. I stumble on you at the most luxurious house in the county, among the aristocracy."

"Among them, but not of them," quoted Lilian, in a low voice. "Homeless, friendless, the shadow of the past upon me; behind me a past I may not own; in front nothing but one vast loneliness! My lot has little enviable in it, Sir Ronald!"

"They tell me it is not so—that you have found someone willing to overlook your want of birth. I hear you are to be Mr. Darby's wife!"

The girl raised her dark blue eyes to his face, but she spoke no word.

"Tell me," cried Sir Ronald Trevlyn, "is it so? Are you to be Mr. Archibald Darby's wife?"

"What right have you to ask it?"

"The right of loving you," he almost hissed. "Good Heavens, Lilian! do you think I will stand calmly by, and see you the wife of another man?"

"How could you prevent it?"

"You had better not urge me too far. Do you think a word whispered in Lady Dacres' ear will not change the consideration in which you are held?

"A clergyman can hardly pardon an acted lie, a wilful fraud, and you have been guilty of both."

"I think he would pardon them," remembering the Rector's wooing. "I fancy he is too strong and noble himself not to be ready to forgive one who erred through ignorance."

"And you mean to marry him if he will have you, after he hears the story of your life?"

"I repeat you have no right to ask such a question. You are Miss Cash's future husband, not mine."

Sir Ronald laid one hand upon her shoulder, his hot breath fell upon her fair cheek as he cried passionately—

"I will not leave this place until you have answered me, once for all. Lilian—do you love this man?"

"No!"

The answer was wrung from her in her fear; in another instant she repeated it.

Sir Ronald Trevlyn put his arm round her, and kissed her.

"You are mine! Lilian, mine only. You are my first and only love: nothing in the world shall take you from me."

But the girl broke away from him in passionate indignation.

"How dare you!" she cried, "how dare you insult me so?"

"I love you."

"You choose a strange method of showing it. Once more, will you let me go?"

"When you have answered one question. I thought I had forgotten you, that the memory of the reproach you had cast on me had banished you from my heart.

"I find it is not so; the witchery of your dearest love, or your most bitter foe! Speak, say but one word. Which is it to be?"

And in the stillness of that midnight hour, in perfect silence, he waited for her answer. He felt pretty sure what it would be.

CHAPTER X.

A MOMENT'S silence, as the solemn midnight hour struck out its chimes; then she who had been Lord Earl's darling, who was so fitted to be the joy and crown of a man's life, raised her beautiful eyes to Sir Ronald's face.

"Let me go!"

"Not until you have answered me," he repeated, fiercely. "I tell you, you must take your choice; there is no middle course. To you I must be dearest of all, or most cruel foe. I ask you, Lilian, which is it to be—war or peace?"

The girl never hesitated. Full well she knew the danger she was risking, but her answer came clear and distinct in one word—

"War!"

"So be it," he moved aside to let her pass. "A time will come, young lady, when you will regret your choice. I have loved you too well to yield you cheerfully to another. I will make your life so desolate that tears of blood could wash out that fatal word of defiance you would gladly shed them."

She answered him nothing, this little foundling, who was a beggar and an outcast who had no true name even of her own.

She never trembled beneath his threats; she passed from his sight with head erect and flashing eyes; only when she had reached the shelter of her own room she broke into a passion of bitter tears. It seemed to her that no creature on God's beautiful earth had ever been more desolate than she; that there was no rest, no repose, no security for her in all the wide, wide world.

She sobbed herself to sleep, and, when she woke from her disturbed, fitful slumber, till bright summer sunshine was pouring into the room, and the little maid who usually waited upon the schoolroom party stood at her bedside with a letter.

Lilian was conscious of some terrible recollection; then the scene of last night came back to her in all its horror. She looked so white and ill that the servant expressed surprise.

"It is nothing," said Lilian, putting one hand to her burning brow; "only my head aches, and I am tired. I shall be downstairs in a very few moments."

Left alone, she opened the letter; its contents gave her a little relief.

She had fancied it came from her cruel persecutor; in reality it was from Mr. Darby.

The rector told her, in a few manly lines, that he by no means gave up his cherished hopes; he still trusted in time to overcome her reluctance to make him happy; serious illness in his own family called him unexpected from home.

He could not leave the neighborhood without assuring her he was still her devoted and attached friend.

He begged her in any trouble, any difficulty, to write to him; he could have no greater pleasure than to think and act for her.

"He is a nice man," thought Lilian, as she folded away the letter with a tear; "why couldn't I love him? Oh! love, how strange it is! I gave my heart away to a man who has no grain of affection for me, who simply helped me from mere compassion, and yet for all time I love him. I could not marry Mr. Darby while my heart is his friend's."

It never struck her during her hasty toilet that Mr. Darby's absence almost played into Sir Ronald's hands; she never realized that she was more helpless, more thoroughly in his power, now the brave gentleman who loved her so fondly and would have protected her from sorrow at the risk of his own life was away.

Things went on much as usual that day. Lilian might almost have believed last night's alarm an idle dream, but for a certain look of triumph upon the face of Sir Ronald Trevlyn, and a terrified recollection of those cruel caresses which no dream could have left.

Almost a week passed on, and Lilian began to feel almost safe.

Surely her persecutor must have relented; since he delayed so long he could not mean to fulfil his threats?

It was a lovely summer's afternoon; the sun was warm, but a cool refreshing breeze prevented its rays from being too oppressive.

Lilian and the children had been for a long walk, and were returning through the park.

Daisy and Pansy, in wild spirits, were careering about like butterflies; their governess stood leaning against a tree, thinking how happy she might have been in this lovely home but for the threats of Sir Ronald Trevlyn; but for a certain aching pain at her heart—a pain all women must learn to know, if they are unfortunate enough to give their love without hope of return.

She made a pretty picture as she stood there leaning against a tree.

The extreme heat had driven her to cast aside her crape-trimmed cashmere and she wore a simple white cambric dress, with sash and bows of black ribbon; her broad-brimmed hat suited the oval shape of her face, and her glorious golden hair glittered in the summer sunshine; her dark blue eyes were full of intense feeling.

Taken all in all, it was a lovely face, one

that, once seen, must imprint itself upon the memory forever.

"Have you forgotten me?"

She looked up, and saw the man who had rescued her in her sorest need, who though he might never know it, was her love—her hero.

Guy Ainslie stood before her, a strange smile upon his thoughtful face.

"I believe you were lost in a day dream," he said, pleasantly, "Miss Green, will you not welcome me to the Castle?"

She put her little snowflake of a hand into his outstretched one.

He thought how she was changed from the thin, dispirited looking creature he had first noticed at the City restaurant; and then he remembered the story which had reached him of the rector's wooing.

Was it his friend's love which had brought the color to those fair cheeks—the brightness to the dark eyes?

"Are you happy here?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes;" answered Lilian, very frankly, "so happy I often ask myself if it will last!"

Guy decided the engagement must be an established fact, and felt a kind of distaste for his old friend, which he could not understand.

"Archibald Darby is an old comrade of mine!" he said, gravely. "I have known him, man and boy, for over twenty years, Miss Green, and I think you need have no fears of your happiness not lasting. He is a very knight of olden days, strong and resolute, tender and true."

"Please don't!"

"I forgot I had only spoken to you twice before," he said, stiffly; "somehow I had thought of you almost as an old friend. I ought, perhaps, not to have offered my congratulations so unceremoniously!"

"It is not that!" and the girl blushed furiously; "you are the kindest friend I ever had, only—you are mistaken."

"Am I?" asked Guy, kindly. "Why Lady Dacres came to my sister with the news in great distress at the thought of losing you."

"She will never lose me like that!" returned Lilian; "Mr. Ainslie, how is your sister?"

"Very well indeed!"

"And she is still at Leckenham?"

"Yes; we are not fond of moving. You must go and stay with her in your holidays. I suppose you do have holidays sometimes?"

"I don't know. I never thought of asking!"

"Are they good to you?" looking searchingly into her face. "You know we sent you here, and we have a sort of claim to know if you are satisfied."

"I am quite satisfied!"

"And those are the children?" looking at the white-frocked damsels in front. "To think of those being Vivian's daughters!"

"Step-daughters," corrected Lilian.

"Ah, it means the same! I am only just realizing it. I have known Lady Dacres ever since she was a little, toddling child. It is difficult to think of her as a married lady."

Knowing what she did, Lilian could not raise her eyes to his face, lest he should see the sorrow stamped on it.

At that moment the little children ran up, and Guy made friends with them on the spot.

In five minutes the two little girls were his devoted slaves.

In the dark after-time which followed in the sad days, when he knew his own secret, the picture often came back to him. Lilian in her white dress; her beautiful face full of purity and innocence, the children clinging fondly to her hand; when cruel voices were busy with her name; when they tried to cast a shadow on her memory, he thought of this picture, and he knew that every word they said was false. That the girl he had rescued from misery and want might have been unfortunate and poor, but never, never weak and erring.

They reached the house, my Lady and Sir John meeting them on the threshold.

Vivian's dark eyes gleamed ominously when she saw who had been Guy's companion.

"Miss Green," she said, abruptly, "I cannot have the children tiresome to my guests. You should have brought them home another way when you saw they would disturb Mr. Ainslie."

Guy's face looked stern. He was a generous man, and he hated oppression. He knew his cousin Vivian pretty thoroughly.

He knew she could be very cruel to anything completely at her mercy, and his heart ached for the slight, delicate girl who never resented the reproof.

He was glad when Sir John took up the cudgels.

"Hush, Vivian. Men like children! If my little maids bored Guy he could have got rid of them. You think, dear, because children try your nerves everyone is as sensitive as yourself."

Guy laughed.

"We had a charming walk," he said, quietly; "in fact, Vivian, I am under a debt of gratitude to your little daughters for escorting me. Without their guidance I might never have found the way."

"Go to the schoolroom, children," said my Lady. "Miss Green, what are you waiting for?"

Guy was pleased to see the baronet open the door for his children's governess as respectfully as though she had been a duchess. Then the conversation passed to indifferent topics, and presently Sir John went out and left the cousins alone.

He knew perfectly that they had once been plighted lovers, but he knew also that Guy Ainslie was too true and noble to have become his guest unless the old wild passion had died out.

"Well, Vivian," said Guy, trying hard to forget he had ever thought of her as his future wife, "I congratulate you. It would be hard to find a more lovely home than Castle Dacres."

"It's well enough."

"What, tired of your splendor already. That's not like you!"

"I am tired of everything, Guy! I am the most miserable woman in the whole world!"

She wore rich velvet robes; costly gems glittered on her fingers; everything about her told of wealth and luxury. Her husband idolised her.

Guy contrasted her position with that of the lonely little governess, and yet Lilian had told him only half-an-hour before she was "quite happy."

"Nonsense," he said, almost roughly. "You are very happy, Vivian; and, indeed, you have everything to made you so."

"A husband years and years older than myself, and a couple of unruly step-children!"

"You knew Sir John's age before you married him, and the children seem nice little things, my dear girl," falling into the old, familiar address, "your troubles are of your own making."

"Yes," she said wistfully, "I suppose they are. I ought never to have married Sir John; but I was ambitious, and to ambition I sacrificed my love."

"Hush," said her cousin, "remember, you are Sir John's wife, and I am his guest. I would never have consented to come here had I thought you could forget this."

"You have forgotten all that went before," she cried, hoarsely, "or is it that you can't forgive me? You treat me as a stranger, a mere acquaintance!"

"I treat you as a good man's honored wife," he repeated, gravely.

"And you have forgotten——"

No! he could not say that quite yet; she had been gloriously beautiful, and for a brief time he had believed her his own.

The hopes and dreams which he had centered on this woman, the love and honor he had poured out upon her, only he and Heaven knows.

"I have forgotten nothing," he said, "for a while you were the sunshine of our home, a little much-loved sister to Kate and myself. You are now Sir John's wife, and our paths in life run differently. The interlude between it behooves us both to forget."

She raised her dark eyes and looked straight into his face.

"I do not understand you."

"Oh! it is easy for you to tell me to forget. You can forgive Sir John heartily for depriving you of me, since already you are consoled. You have found another love!"

"Really, Vivian, you are too romantic."

"You cannot deny it."

"Deny what?"

"That you are engaged to be married."

Guy laughed grimly.

"Vivian, I had enough of that. You taught me the lesson of woman's faithfulness pretty effectually. I don't suppose I speak to a young lady once a month."

Vivian's cheek flushed.

"Do you know I always fancied you cared for Miss Green!"

"In that case you hardly showed generosity in introducing her to Darby."

"Guy, do you care?"

"Yes!" he said, coolly. "I think she is a delicate, timid girl, and I would never have let Kate send her to you had I guessed how you would treat her. I care for any defenceless girl too much to like to see her treated as an upper servant."

Lady Dacres' face had brightened.

"When I saw you together just now I fancied——"

"All kinds of stupid things, I daresay."

"That your are going to marry her."

"Darby's means are more than quadruple mine, so I should not be doing her a particular service. Besides, Vivian, as a fact I have only seen her twice before in my whole life; so if the idea of her aspiring to be your cousin has troubled you, put it out of your head, and treat poor Miss Green more like flesh and blood."

Vivian looked at him with a strangely tender smile.

"Shall you ever marry, Guy?"

"Not for a dozen years, I daresay."

He meant he was quite free at present from any thought of matrimony; but Vivian translated the phrase to imply that while Sir John Dacres lived he would keep single, since the only woman he would ever wish to wed could only be his wife at the baronet's demise.

My Lady went off to dress for dinner in the very best of temper and spirits, and Guy walked slowly to his room, pondering a little sadly upon the change wealth and rank had wrought in her character.

"Of all women in the world Vivian should be gentle with a creature so fair and delicate as Miss Green! But for our giving her a home she might have to fill just such a position as Miss Green's; and she treats her rather worse than her own maid, and not half so well as the grand person in black silk whom she calls her housekeeper!"

CHAPTER XI.

GUY AINSLIE had been more than a week at the Castle. Less than half of his visit remained.

He stood alone one afternoon in his own room, thinking rather gravely of all that his stay in Monmouthshire had brought about.

He had come there to prove to himself that he was cured of his wounds, fancying that, if he once stayed in Vivian's house as her husband's guest, the old, mad infatuation must die out.

Well, even on first meeting her he had known his cure was complete.

He could never be quite indifferent to Vivian Ormond.

He could never forget that she had been his first love; but for all else he was cured.

The old love was dead in his heart, and another had risen up.

The lonely girl he had first met fighting her battle with the world, and almost crushed by it—the forlorn waif and stray who owned her present home, her very life almost to himself—was his second love.

He had struggled manfully against the infatuation, but it was too much for him.

He who had been deceived by a woman once, and resolved never more to believe in one, had staked his only chance of happiness upon a pair of blue eyes.

He loved her.

He hardly knew when the feeling sprang up.

He could not have told when its germ first took root.

He only knew that one morning at breakfast, when Lady Dacres looked up from a letter, and said, sweetly, "Mr. Darby will not be home for another month," he woke up to his own secret.

He and Archibald had been like brothers, and now the only feeling he experienced at not seeing Mr. Darby was one of glad relief.

In spite of Lilian's words, he believed the rector would never rest until he won her hand; and the news of his prolonged absence taught Guy it was just that little hand which alone in all the world could make him happy.

He said nothing. He was too full of his own discovery for words.

But Sir Ronald Trevlyn, who sat next him, interposed, quickly——"

"What kind of a man is Mr. Darby?"

Many voices were raised in answer. They told how the rector was brave and just, generous and true; but they also said he was proud and stern; that he would suffer any pain, bear any sacrifice rather than the shadow of disgrace.

"Ah!" said Sir Ronald, quietly, "I thought as much. And he is to marry Miss Green?"

"He makes no secret of his wishes," said Lady Dacres, smiling. "It will be a great thing for her."

Guy could not have explained the feeling, but he suddenly conceived an intense desire to knock Sir Ronald down.

Of course he could not indulge this desire, but he was conscious of it all the same.

He even felt a great relief when Sir John proposed a long ride to some distant object of interest that Sir Ronald excused himself at once.

"I am very sorry, really, but I must stay at home to-day — important letters to write."

His bride-elect seemed annoyed, but the party was soon made up.

To Guy's surprise the children were included in it—they were to drive with Miss Cash in the wagonette.

"You will go too, Vivian?" asked her husband?

"No; my head is too bad, so you must excuse me; and Miss Cash will, I am sure, take my place as mistress of the occasion. I will order luncheon to be packed up, and I dare say you will have a delightful afternoon."

Guy met the children an hour later in all the flush of anticipation.

He noticed that Lilian was not with them.

"She is not coming," said Pansy, simply; "I asked her if she would not be dull, but she says she has a bad headache, and mamma had said she could stay at home."

Guy felt pleased at this mark of woman's consideration; but as he passed the schoolroom door he was tempted to open it.

He knew his secret now—this fair-haired girl was all the world to him, and he longed to see the face which had grown so sweet to him.

Great Heaven! was that Lilian?

She sat perfectly erect upon a high-backed chair, her feet planted on the rungs of another, one hand supported her aching head, the other fell listlessly upon her lap.

There were purple rings round her dark eyes, and her cheeks were pale as marble. Guy forgot all prudence—all forethought, then he went up to her, and took her hand.

"What is the matter?"

She made no answer—one would really have said she did not hear him.

She never raised her head. He could see that her eyes were dry and tearless.

Guy Ainslie stood aghast: he had seen something of sorrow in his life, but never a despair like unto this.

"What is it?" he asked again. "Won't you tell me what is troubling you?"

No answer; but the violet eyes were turned towards him, and there flashed on on him one look of undying gratitude!

"Trust me," he said, persuasively.

"I do," whispered the girl, "more than anyone in the world."

"Then let me help you."

"No one can do that."

Guy looked at her tenderly, the love at his heart making it ache for the change sorrow and distress had wrought in hers; and then again there came to him the remembrance of his friend.

Could it be possible that this sad, lonely creature was sorrowing over Darby's absence?

"If you trusted me you would confide in me," he said, gently.

"I cannot. Oh, Mr. Ainslie! why will you press me to tell you my miserable secret? Can't you see that the very thought of speaking of it crushes me to the earth?"

A fearful suspicion crossed Guy's mind—he knew nothing, absolutely nothing of her past.

Could it be be that those silent years hid the secret of a sin that, young and beautiful as she was, there lurked a dark stain upon her young life?

She put one hand in his; to his surprise she turned to him with a piteous, beseeching voice,—

"Mr. Ainslie, is it very wrong to hide what would set the world against me? Is it wicked not to tell Lady Dacres what would make her turn me instantly from her house?"

Guy's heart stood still. Was it as he had feared?

"You are so young," he said, gently. "You may have been deceived: you may have been sinned against, not sinning."

"Oh, no!" she answered, simply. "I was not deceived, I knew the truth. I knew that it would shut me out from all friendship, all happiness, and so I kept it secret, and I let you sister send me here. I thought I could undertake to teach Daisy and Pansy. I fancied the secret of my life could have no power to hurt them."

Guy Ainslie shook off the little hand as though it had been the touch of a scorpion. He had loved, alas! he loved still, this girl as his own soul.

He could not forgive her the misery she was causing him; the deeper his wound the harder he steeled himself against her.

"You have deceived us all," he said, sternly. "You let my sister send you here under false pretences; you won the honest love of a good man; you moved among us daily and acting lie; and now that some fear of detection has arisen you feel some sensations of remorse. Oh! Heaven! Why do such false creatures have faces pure and true as yours? Why are you allowed to resemble angels in outward seeming?"

"I thought you would be merciful," said the girl, faintly. "I never thought you would judge me harshly."

"I am not a hero," he said, coldly. "I make no profession of being different to my fellows. You have deceived me; I would have staked my life upon your truth and innocence. You confess to me that you are a living lie—that if my cousin knew you as you are she would send you from her house! You tell me this, and you are surprised I judge you harshly."

"Yes—" wearily, oh! so wearily. "You were so brave and strong. I thought you would have pity on me. There was no one in the world to help me, and I was so desolate your sister offered to send me here. Do you know that when I saw her I was almost penniless—my choice lay between Castle Dacres and—the river?"

Guy shuddered.

"And now what has changed your views? If you thought it right to come here last winter under false pretences why do you grieve now. In your case falsehood has certainly prospered. You have a happy, easeful home, the love of two innocent children. What has caused your grief?"

"My views have not changed," said Lilian, slowly; "they are just the same. I always thought it wrong to come here, but I could never have sent myself away; it would be like Eve's leaving Paradise of her own accord; only, I have learned to-day that detection is at hand. In a very little while my secret will be mine no longer, and Lady Dacres will send me from the Castle."

He saw an envelope lying on her lap, but he did not know that it was the handwriting of Sir Ronald Trevlyn.

"Where shall you go?"

"I do not know, the world is very wide. Mr. Ainslie, perhaps we shall never meet again. I did not deserve your help; I ought never to have taken your sister's aid without telling her my sin; but oh! I was so miserable, so forlorn."

She stopped, choked by a little sob.

Guy longed to take her in his arms, and tell her that was her refuge from all sorrow; but he was a proud man.

He would not marry a woman with such a past as he believed Lilian's; he felt as miserable almost as she did; she little knew the hopes she had shattered this morning.

"I wish my sister was here!"

"I wish she were. I think I should find her a kinder judge than Lady Dacres."

"Perhaps you may be alarming yourself needlessly, your fears may not be realized: your correspondent may not speak to Lady Dacres, after all."

Lilian rose.

"And do you think I could stay here after what you have said respecting me to-day. I knew I was wrong but I never guessed how wrong. If I am spared, the misery of your cousin's hearing my wretched story. I shall make some excuse, and leave her soon. I will not be so bad as being turned out. I shall go back to London, and live my life as best I can."

There was a noble spirit shining in her eyes. Guy hesitated. Could he be mistaken, after all?

"And you will write to us?"

She shook her head.

"No!"

"But my sister——"

"I could not bear it; she was kind to me, she believed in me before. Do you think I could go to her and read my sentence in her eyes as I have in yours. Why, death itself would be better."

"And Darby?"

"What of him?"

"Has it never struck you there is a way out of your difficulties?"

"How?"

"He loves you; he is his own master, and he is just the kind of man to overlook anything in your past."

Her eyes flashed with indignation.

"How can you think so basely of me, Mr. Ainslie? You believe that I could go to your friend without one spark of love for him in my heart, and accept from him name, fortune, and affection just because I needed a husband's care? I would rather beg my bread in the streets than stoop to such a course."

Voices were heard calling Guy.

It was time to set out, everyone was waiting for him.

He turned to Lilian,—

"At least promise me you will take no steps until my return. For to-day at least you are safe from any disclosures to Lady Dacres, since the pose is gone. Promise me you will let things be until I return."

"To what end?"

"I think I have some claim on you," cried Guy, angrily, "or perhaps my sister has. In her name I entreat you to take no step until my return."

"I can never forget how kind you once were," said Lilian, "and by that kindness I will obey you. Unless Lady Dacres sends for me I will make no attempt to see her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV—(CONTINUED.)

"I WANTED to speak to you in private, mother," closing the door, and walking over, "so I came here."

"Oh, dear me! I do detest these private talks, and these tragedy airs, but sit down—sit down."

"You cannot say I've troubled you much with either, mother," said Rosamond, gravely, looking at her companion with clear, appealing eyes.

"And what is it now? You make my head ache."

"I wish to speak to you about Lord Kingsford."

"What!" springing up very eagerly, and letting the novel slide to the floor with a bang. "Has he proposed for you?"

"He happens to have a wife living," rejoined her daughter, indignantly; "and what I wish to say is this, that I never intend to meet him, or speak to him ever again!"

"Wife living! Never speak to him again! Rubbish, nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Brand angrily.

"It is no nonsense! I will never endure his society!" rising and confronting her mother. "Last night he went beyond all bounds. He nearly drove me crazy. He knows my whole wretched story."

"What!" in a tone of horrified dismay.

"Yes, everything—even to my first meeting with Allan Gordon—my marriage, our trip to Paris."

"Great heavens! How—how did he hear this?"

"And, as a last straw, he asked me about my baby," speaking with a very white face. "He did not seem to think it was dead. He seemed to fancy that I had murdered it, or deserted it!"

A sudden, curious expression in her mother's face made her pause, and look at her with amazement.

Could it be that he had any grounds for his idea?

Oh! could it? She asked herself this question with a heart that was almost bursting with the vague, mere, half-defined hope.

"He mentioned the woman who had had a child—a Mother Nan," she continued aloud, still keeping her eyes fixed upon her companion, whose hands were fidgeting uneasily with her lace frills, and whose face was actually of a dull lemon color.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside the sofa; "tell me if it is true: tell me if you put it out to a nurse, and told me it was dead. Tell me," seizing her hand and covering it with kisses, "and I will forgive everything—anything—to know that it is alive;" she cried, passionately. "Anything—all I have in the world—if I may only see it."

"What nonsense, Rosamond;" wrenching away from her hands. "Are you mad, or beside yourself?" cried Mrs. Brand, querulously.

"You are certainly crazy!" giving her a little push as she spoke. "Your child is dead! and a good thing too! You should be ashamed to speak of it."

At this acrid rebuke Rosamond, still kneeling, covered her face with her hands, and kept in silence for some moments. Then rising, she said, slowly—

"I beg your pardon, mother, for thinking you would have deceived me. I was sure he was wrong. I was sure, however angry you might be, you never, never would have robbed me of all I had," in a choked voice.

"All you had, indeed! I hate to hear you!" impatiently. "You are quite imbecile on the subject, and cling to what another girl would shrink from with horror!"

"But, after all, I was married, and in a church," she said, with some spirit.

"We have heard that so very often," contemptuously; "but where is the church? and where is the man? Vague assertions go for nothing.

"I believe you were married, but probably under assumed names; and it's more than likely he had a wife living. If he had not, why should he not claim you! You are rich, young, and very pretty! But men are wicked enough for anything," closing her eyes as she spoke, and leaning back on her pillow.

"I suppose you would recognize him if you saw him, would you, though it is six years ago?" without opening her eyes.

"I should, of course. And do you know who he strongly resembles—Lord Kingsford."

"Lord Kingsford!" scornfully. "How likely a mere nobody, with no good blood in his veins, would resemble him, who bears the stamp of what I think is even more than good looks—race in every feature!"

"Lord Kingsford is a hateful man! He knows my secret, and does not scruple to use it as an instrument of most agonizing torture! How he learnt all he does know I cannot tell. Maggs must have been bribed!"

"Maggs is beyond a bribe. If he talks of you to other people, what will become of you, Rosamond?"

"I don't know, and don't much care," she answered, recklessly, now pacing the room as she spoke, to and fro with hasty footsteps.

"Life is too hard for me! everywhere I turn I meet with some rude blow. One thing, however, is positively certain, that nothing will induce me to speak to Lord Kingsford, to meet him, to sit in the room with him again.

"I've not quite fallen as low as he he imagines; and you may tell him from me if you like that I detest and defy him, and that as far as I'm concerned he may blazon my history from one end of England to the other.

"After all, what did I do?" declaiming with uplifted hand. "I was a foolish, impressionable girl, a mere child, indeed. I married, as I believed, the man I loved, as many other girls do, and I was deceived, as many other girls are.

"But ours is not the sin; we are the sinned against. Why should public opinion point the finger of scorn at us, the victims? If ever a man in the world seemed true it was Allan."

"Ah!" said her mother, with a sneer, "you had had such wide experience. Seventeen knows so much of the world, and men——"

"I see it is no use talking to you, mother; you can never understand," gazing at her with reproachful eyes. "If Allan had been drowned at sea I could have borne it better, but he landed in Australia."

"Or pretended he did," put in Mrs. Brand sharply.

"Yes! if he were dead it would not seem so bad, though perhaps I should not say so; but to know that he is alive, is somewhere, and has wholly forgotten me is the sharpest sting of all.

"But I see, mother, that I only weary you. Forgive me; you must remember that you are the only person in the world to whom I can open my heart on this subject, and find the blessed relief of speech, and you will do me the justice to admit that it is not often I break the silence."

"No, thank goodness!" said her companion, fervently.

"I'm not coming down to dinner to night," proceeded her daughter, calmly. "I shall have tea in the morning-room. I do not choose to meet Lord Kingsford, and you need not make any excuses for me. He will understand that I mean to keep my word—that I will have none of his company none of his hateful advances, and that, as far as I am concerned, he may go, tell my story far and wide, and do his worst."

* * * * * *

Lord Kingsford duly arrived in unimpeachable evening-dress, and was received by Mrs. Brand, and Miss Glen only. They had a most excellent and appetizing little dinner, and no mention whatever was made of the absentee.

Amy sat exactly opposite to him, and declared that really, on second thoughts, he was better looking than Allan Forbes.

What a lovely solitaire stud that was in his shirt front!

He looked so friendly, too, as if he had something to tell her.

She quite longed for the drawing-room door to open, and the two gentlemen to join them.

At length they did come. The door was flung open at last.

Amy, in answer to Lord Kingsford's petition, sang two sparkling little songs, whilst he leant his elbow on the piano and watched her.

Yes, she had made an impression at last, and she was the more confirmed in this rapturous idea by his leaning over and saying to her, in a very low voice, accompanied by a thrilling glance—

"Miss Glen, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, of course; with pleasure!" she stammered.

"You won't think me awfully rude or impertinent if I ask you to leave me alone with Colonel and Mrs. Brand for half-an-hour, will you?"

"Oh! of course!" becoming very red.

"Just slip out quietly, not as if you were going on purpose, and you can't think how much obliged I shall be to you! Come over and show me those Italian photographs," walking towards the table.

She had barely closed the door when Allan, resolved to make the very most of his time, said—

"I wish particularly to speak to you, Colonel Brand and Mrs. Brand, alone, as a subject concerning Miss Dane and myself."

"I daresay you wonder what I can possibly have to say to you in private," he continued, looking from one to the other, "and with regard to Miss Lane."

"Oh, dear! I think we can guess," returned Mrs. Brand, smiling at him with extraordinary significance."

"I think I ought to tell you that I am going to make you acquainted with some facts that will surprise you very much," said Lord Kingsford. "You probably never knew that Miss Dane and I were connected?"

"You and Rosamond!" cried Mrs. Brand, in a tone of great surprise. "And how? You are not related to me, nor are you—that I know, at least—related to the Danes," looking at him very sharply.

"Still you will see that I am no stranger to the family, Mrs. Brand, and you will be prepared to hear that"—speaking very deliberately—"I know all Miss Dane's past. I allude to her life after she left school, her meeting with Allan Gordon her——"

"Don't!" fiercely. "Don't speak of it. Don't name the scoundrel," cried Colonel Brand, jumping to his feet with immense animation."

"No!" remarked Lord Kingsford, with wonderful sang froid and slightly lifted eyebrows. "I think it will be best to tell you, before you say anything further which we might both regret, that I am Allan Gordon!"

"What? what did you say?" said Colonel Brand at last. "I must have misunderstood you."

"I said that I was Allan Gordon. I am Rosamond's husband, and she is, and has been for the last year, not Mrs. Gordon, much less Miss Dane, but Lady Kingsford."

"What does it all mean?" demanded Colonel Brand, excitedly. "Are you drunk or dreaming, or are you out of your mind?"

"It requires some explanation, certainly, and you shall have it now at once," looking from one to the other impressively. "I was an engineer, as you have heard, sent down to survey Drydd Marahus for the new line of rail. I then accidentally met Miss Dane, fell in love with her, proposed for her, and married her. She was doubtful of her own strength of mind during my enforced absence in Australia. She was totally ignorant of the fact that she was her grandmother's heiress, and so was I, and at her suggestion we were married before I sailed, to make assurance doubly sure. We were married at St. Andrew's, Paddington, on a dark foggy morning, and went straight to Paris for our honeymoon. To make everything clear to you, Colonel and Mrs. Brand, here is the original copy of our marriage certificate," holding out as he spoke a much folded and weather-stained looking piece of paper.

Mrs. Brand received it in a dazed, dreamy kind of way, and searingly looked at the names, Allan Gordon, bachelor, and Rosamond Dane, spinster.

"You see," proceeded Allan, in a cool, decisive tone, "we were as legally married as you were yourself, Mrs. Brand."

"Yes, yes," assented Colonel Brand, "and what next?"

"We met with bad weather; we were cast away and completely wrecked on a barren island far away out of the track of ships, and there, half starving, living on sea-weed, gannets' eggs, we dragged out, those that survived, a miserable existence for nearly three years. We were at last taken off by an American whaler, and I returned, as it were, from the sea, and from the dead, to England, after an absence of nearly four years. I discovered that fortune, to make up to me for all my ill-luck, had bestowed on me a new name, plenty of money, and plenty of friends, who never heard, and never cared about the poor struggling engineer—Allan Gordon. My first business was to find my wife—no easy matter. I traced her to your London house—you had left; to Drydd—she was not there either: but I discovered," looking keenly at Mrs. Brand, "some one else. A little ragged urchin took my fancy, and I his. I brought him to the inn to give him a meal, and quite accidentally heard his story, which, red, of course. He was Miss Dane's boy, born at Drydd, abandoned by his mother, who had left him with a drunken old harridan at the cost of a few shillings a week, and had latterly entirely forgotten his existence. I adopted Tommy on the spot, and I looked upon his mother as the most unnatural and weak-minded of women. I kept aloof from her as much as possible. Her treatment of Tommy, her repudiation of her marriage, her apparent total forgetfulness of me, hardened my heart; and yet she had ever, in spite of myself, an extraordinary fascination for me. I knew I should have to acknowledge her some day, for Tommy's sake, and I deferred that day for many reasons.

"I have since discovered, only last night—that I wronged her," looking intently and significantly at Mrs. Brand, "that she was not an unnatural mother; that the loss of her child, whom she supposed to be dead, had frozen her heart; that her mind, easily worked upon, was moulded to their own purposes by other people."

"Oh, Lord Kingsford!" cried Mrs. Brand hastily jumping to her feet, her face working with agitation, her hands clasped in an agony of supplication, "I did it all for the best!—I did, on my honor and word, and for the sake of her good name.

"She had no proofs; you were invisible. It seemed such an unusual, such a miserable story, what could I do?"

"You might have left her her baby!" he said, sternly. "Only by the merest accident of my going to Drydd I doubt if he would be alive now—half starved, beaten, and bruised, as he was when I found him. You might have given me the benefit of the doubt; you might have said that I was dead, and let her at least consider herself a widow.

"You might have had the registers of the London churches searched—that was easy enough.

"You might have done all these things; but the fact was you did not wish to recognize the fact of Rosamond's probable marriage with a pauper like me, as I was then."

Mrs. Brand made no reply.

She had collapsed once more into her arm-chair, and was forcing some crocodile tears—tears which were very destructive to the pearl powder on her face, for Mrs. Brand, having been a beauty, still fondly clung to the delusion that she had a complexion, and just tinged her sallow cheeks and powdered them to give them the corresponding lines.

"Begad," cried Colonel Brand, staring hard at his newly-discovered son-in-law, "this beats everything!" stuffing his hands violently into his pockets.

"Rosamond's runaway lover a lord! Rosamond's baby, I thought was dead, Tommy! She does not know it yet, I suppose?"

"No, and I don't know how I am to tell her, or who is to tell her," said the other, gravely.

"Fancy Rosamond being Lady Kingsford!" exclaimed Colonel Brand, in a tone of repressed triumph. "What a sell for all the girls who have been setting their caps at you, eh, Kingsford?"

"I don't know how the county will take it," smiling. "They had better be told the truth, I suppose: that's always the best plan. But I. is rather premature talking of the public, when the principal party concerned is, so far, in ignorance of the whole matter."

"And she has taken the greatest dislike to you!" said Mrs. Brand, with a little sniff of vicious triumph, drying her eyes as she spoke.

"You are perfectly right, my dear madam. She abhors Lord Kingsford; but the question remains to be seen. Will she abhor Allan Gordon?"

"She will never believe that you and he are the same."

"She would if I had a chance of speaking to her, but she declared she never would open her lips to me again; and this morning, as you saw," looking at Colonel Brand, "she administered the most pointed and unmistakable cut direct, and she declines to meet me this evening."

"Why is she so bitter against you? What have you been saying to her to put her back up—eh?" inquired Colonel Brand, inquisitively.

"I showed her that I knew all her life, and she imagines me to be some relation to Allan Gordon. She sees, very naturally, a strong likeness between us.

"She knows that I am a married man, that my wife is living; for I told her so at Violet Hill one day last autumn; and in every advance I make to her she believes I am actuated by the basest and most dishonorable motives, and matters are now at a dead lock.

"Until yesterday I was angry with Rosamond. I resented her treatment of Tommy. I was not inclined to make it up with her, at least not often, and now that she is entirely cleared, she, by a horrible perversity of circumstances, will have nothing to do with me."

"There is nothing for it but to leave it to time," said Colonel Brand. "Time and chance, and it will all come right."

"Oh!" impatiently, "it's all very fine for you to talk of time and chance in this matter-of-fact way, Colonel Brand, but you forget that Rosamond and I have been separated for six years.

"That's a tolerably good slice out of one's youth. I'm inclined to put myself in the hands of time, though I suppose I must wait," discontentedly. "I can't very well force myself into her society and say, 'Here I am; I'm your husband! I'm Allan Gordon!'"

"She would not believe you, you think?"

"With her present feelings towards me—bitter resentment and deep animosity—I'm sure she would not.

"I tell you and Mrs. Brand, and Miss Glen had better be told, but just at present I think the secret had better go no further."

"As you please," acquiesced Colonel Brand, frankly. "What do you say, Mrs. B?"

"Yes, I think as Rosamond herself does not know, we had better all keep our own counsel, at least for the present."

Thus the matter concluded, and a few minutes later Lord Kingsford's dogcart was announced; and promising to drop in whenever he felt inclined, and shaking hands with his host and hostess, he wrapped himself up in thick, frieze ulster, lit his cigar, and drove himself rapidly back to the Queen's Head.

"I've given them something to think of," he said to himself, "something out of the common. By Jove! their faces were a caution! I thought the old lady was going to have a paralytic stroke, and he an apoplectic seizure. At any rate, I've put a pretty big spoke in that fellow Sonier's wheel!"

Meanwhile his late .honors were sitting at either side of the fire, blankly staring at one another.

This was the calm before the storm, and when it burst out, a perfect tempest of mutual recrimination set in.

"How could you leave the child to starve, Mrs. B.? You heard it was dead? I don't believe you!" said her husband, pouting.

"Well, I'm no worse, no, not so bad, as you!" she rejoined, furiously. "It was you that declared that the young man was a scoundrel, and would never listen to the idea of her being married. You ought to

have had the registers looked over, as he said."

"All very fine to say ought to, now. A nice kettle of fish you have made of it, Mrs. B."

"I? Oh, of course!" scornfully. "Put it all down to me, that's so like you."

At this crisis the door opened, and Amy came gliding in, looking very expectant and very anxious, and glancing around with a rather disappointed air.

"Well, where is he?" she asked at last. "Has he gone? Surely not already; it's only half-past ten!"

"Yes, my dear, he is gone," said Colonel Brand, standing now with his coat tails under his arms and his back to the fire. "We have had a most extraordinary piece of intelligence from him," eyeing her as he spoke. "I'll give you ten guesses and you'll never find out, clever little girl as you are!"

"I think I know," said Amy, in a low voice, a smile she could not repress struggling about the corners of her mouth as she stood in the middle of the room, twisting her bangles, her eyes cast bashfully on the floor.

"Bless us, and save us!" exclaimed Colonel Brand. "How the mischief could you know? You're not wiser than your elders? You don't mean to say you think," speaking with slow and unwonted emphasis, "that he has been coming here after you? Ha, ha, ha! Well, you may put that idea out of your head, little Miss Amy," chuckling to himself.

"Then," with a gasp, "it's—it's Rosamond! It's Rosamond he has been thinking of all the time, and he always seemed to hate her; any way, she abhors him!" with tearful triumph flashing out of her wet indignant eyes. "Does he want to marry Rosamond?" she reiterated, angrily.

"No, my dear, he does not," pompously, "that little ceremony took place some time ago—say six years. In fact, not to keep you any longer than need be on tenter hooks, he came here this evening expressly to introduce himself to us as—Allan Gordon—Lord Kingsford—and Rosamond's husband!"

CHAPTER XXV.

AMY stood in the middle of the room for some moments as motionless as a statue, and then, with a sudden awaking, as it were, from a kind of mental stupor, she threw up both her hands with a gesture of scornful repudiation, and said—

"What nonsense, Colonel Brand! I do not believe it; he is making fun of you."

"Not all, anything but that," very decidedly.

"But how can it be? Don't you think Rosamond would have known him? Of course she would."

"She did not, she does not. He was cast away for years on an island. He is, as he says, sunburnt, aged, and altered, his name, his very statue in society, is changed. How could she know?"

"His name certainly gave her a shock!" said Amy, reflectively. "I thought she would have fainted when she heard his name was Allan! But—but, whose is the child?" as if she had propounded an unanswerable problem.

"His, of course."

"Yes, we always understood that, but who is the child's mother?"

"Why, Rosamond, of course?"

"I never knew," becoming very red, "that—that Rosamond had had a child."

"Well, now you know it, and there's no harm in it. It seems she was married all right and tight enough to this fellow she ran away with, but we never believed that till now, and Mrs. B. over there told Rosamond the baby was dead."

"I don't know how you are going to square that with her now, Mrs. B., eh?" nodding imperiously at his wife, who sat in a stricken attitude, gazing from one to the other with a face of unmistakable uneasiness. "The little wretch, her grandson, was actually the Honorable Thomas Forde, and had a name."

How strange it seemed! Lord Kingsford's son her grandson.

She could hardly realize it. And how was this to be told to Rosamond?

Who was to inform her that she was the mother of a living child, of a sturdy son, with noble blood in his veins, she who believed her baby lay under the long grass in an out-of-the-way-corner of Dryad churchyard?

She, her mother, must tell her, must admit that she had lied, must eat her words in dust and ashes. And no one will be surprised to hear that she shrank instinctively from the task.

Amy Glen, with flushed face and unusually bright eyes, still remained standing in the middle of the room, in an attitude that spoke volumes of bewilderment and incredulity.

"I cannot believe it," she exclaimed: "It seems altogether too ridiculous, too improbable; it's like a kind of fairy tale! To hear all of a sudden that Rosamond is married and has a child of four years old! Why, she's younger than I am?"

"What has that to say to it?" exclaimed Colonel Brand, with angry impatience.

"Oh, nothing, of course—but I can't get over it! Married to Lord Kingsford, and not knowing he is her husband, nor Tommy her son!

"Are you sure Lord Kingsford is in his right senses? The whole thing sounds as if it were made up out his head. Perhaps he is a little touched," putting her hand to her head with a gesture of illustration.

"Touched! Stuff and nonsense!" cried Colonel Brand, irascibly. "No more than I am. It is you who are not in your right senses to say such things!" very rudely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Unfounded.

BY MAGOIE BROWNE.

MISS JERUSHA JENKINSON folded her napkin with slow, precise carefulness, and then followed her pretty little hostess from the dining-room back to the parlor, where the soft astral lamp, glowing like a silver moon, made red shadows on the brown rep easy-chair in which Miss Jenkinson ensconced herself.

"I really don't know what to do about it, Miss Jerusha. If I once thought Rich was guilty of such indiscretions as you declare he is, I do believe I should die."

Jessie Wintringham winked away a suspicious brightness from her pretty curling brown lashes, and looked eagerly at her guest's sarcastic countenance.

"I daresay there are a great many people who would say I was very officious, my dear, because I tell what I think of that good-looking husband of yours. But I feel I have your interest at heart; and if no one else has the courage and charity to point out to a young wife of half a year the goings-on of her husband—why, my dear Mrs. Wintringham, I'll stand by you, and take your part."

Her solemn words made little shivers of vague terror thrill all over Jessie.

"I dare say you are very kind indeed, Miss Jerusha, only I can't believe that Rich is such a flirt as you say—always paying such exclusive attention to ladies, when he is away from home."

"You must think just what you please, my dear. Only, I suppose if you were to see for yourself, you would believe the evidence of your own eyes."

Jessie's slightly flushed cheeks betrayed the painful interest she felt.

"Of course, if I were to see——"

Miss Jerusha arose triumphantly.

"Then all you have to do is to take my advice, and the next time Mr. Wintringham has such very important business, do you go by the same train, with your waterproof and a thick veil to disguise you. I must go now, I think, my dear. I'll have to stop at poor Mrs. Delacorn's, and hear if she has heard of that runaway daughter of hers. Thanks for the early cup of tea you made me so nicely, and don't forget what I told you, Mrs. Wintringham."

And the abominable old gossip went her way, leaving the arrows of the distrust she had sown rankling painfully in poor, loving, jealous Jessie's heart.

She perfectly adored her handsome young husband; and as always such passionate affection is accompanied by jealousy, this otherwise sensible little woman found it no difficult matter to entertain the doubts her guests expressed.

Rich was so handsome, so stylish, so gallant—why should not ladies enjoy his attentions?

And sitting by the cozy fire, waiting until her husband should come in for his dinner, Jessie almost decided to play the spy upon him at the earliest moment.

Then, when she heard his latch-key in the door, and his quick, firm tread in the hall, and saw his handsome, cheerful face as he took her cheeks in his hands to kiss her, she felt ashamed and confused.

"I am afraid I shall have to hurry you, dear," he said, linking her arm through his, and leading the way to the dining-room, where the bright lights made a genial glow on the silver, crystal, and snow-white china.

"Hurry me—Rich, how?"

"I have to take the seven-thirty train, very unexpectedly, for the city, on important business that cannot be delayed. I shall be home to-morrow night, I expect."

Mrs. Wintringham toyed with her chicken, her appetite entirely destroyed by the news Rich announced.

"On important business." Yes, that was what Miss Jenkinson had said. And the night train, too! It flashed hotly across Jessie's mind that her husband was going to the theatre, and, if what Miss Jerusha had said was true—not alone!

That second decided her; and as Mr. Wintringham arose from the dining-table, he little knew the thoughts that were thronging in his pretty little wife's head.

"Don't be lonesome, darling, will you? Or shall I stop and tell Florrie to come up to-night?"

Jessie laughed—a little forcedly.

"You're over anxious. What do I want of sister Florrie? I shall not be lonely at all."

"Brave little woman; kiss me good night, then, dear."

He was so kind and thoughtful; and Jessie's fond, foolish heart almost misgave her as she watched him off.

"It is downright wicked to distrust him! But then, it is just these elegant, fascinating men, who are so agreeable to other women besides their wives—at least, Miss Jerusha says so, and she's old enough to know!"

She watched the ivory hands of the cuckoo clock hastening towards seven-thirty.

"Well—I shall do it—this once."

And she went up to her room with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks.

* * * * *

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

It was a low sweet voice that addressed Mr. Richmond Wintringham, as the seven-thirty train steamed on after calling at the last station before reaching the city terminus.

Mr. Wintringham arose courteously, glancing at the small, graceful figure in a waterproof and double veil.

"Take the seat by the window, madam."

She glided in, and Mr. Wintringham sat down beside her, all unconscious of the sidelong glance from a pair of eager eyes.

"How handsome he is, and he hasn't the least idea who I am."

For of course it was Jessie who had taken the train at the same station with Rich, but had waited until the last station had been reached before she changed her seat for the one she now occupied.

"I wonder if he does know me? Of course he doesn't, only he don't seem very eager to say anything to me.

Then a little fragrantly-perfumed handkerchief fluttered to the floor.

Jessie made a deceitful little dive after it, displaying her daintily-kidded hand, and round, neatly-cuffed wrist.

Rich quickly anticipated her, and handed the handkerchief quietly to her.

"Allow me, madam."

"Oh, thank you! I am sorry to trouble you so much. I was very awkward."

Jessie's cheeks were blushing furiously under her double dark brown veil.

"I will give him a chance anyhow," she thought.

But Mr. Wintringham only bowed gravely and maintained a courteous silence.

The train slowed up, and Jessie, with persistent determination to draw him into conversation, made a feint of alarm that amused herself as she peered out of the window, then at her companion.

"What are we stopping for? This isn't a station—oh! is anything the matter?"

Rich smiled—this little woman was such an old one.

"There is no need of apprehension, madam. We are entering the tunnel."

"The tunnel! Oh, dear, the tunnel!"

But Rich didn't "take" at all.

He only settled coolly back and slouched his hat on his forehead, leaving his companion to fight the imaginary terrors of the tunnel as best she might.

The train had come to its final standstill, and just as Wintringham arose to leave, he felt the timid touch of fingers on his coat-sleeve.

"Please pardon me—but—but—there is a cab stand—isn't there—and if you would be so kind as to tell me which way it is to the St. Julian hotel?"

Rich buttoned up his overcoat deliberately, while she spoke.

"The St. Julian? I am going there myself. If you are unaccompanied, I will see you there. This way, please."

* * * * * *

"If you please, sir, an answer is wanted."

One of the waiters at the St. Julian handed a tiny note to Mr. Rich Wintringham just after that gentleman had inspected the arrangements of his room and was settled down for a half-hour's examination of sundry papers in his memorandum book.

"An answer!—a letter for me—oh, yes——"

His eyes opened widely as he carelessly tore it open, to find, not a business communication from ——, but a dainty little note, in a graceful, flowing back hand.

"To the gentleman in the seal-skin cap.

"You have made me desire very much to see you again. Is there not time to attend the theatre?

"YOUR LADY ADMIRER."

Rich drew a long breath of surprise.

Then he rapidly wrote an answer and dispatched it by the man.

"Now, then, I've caught him this time. Suppose he consents——"

The ebbing color on her cheeks, the quivering of her pretty mouth, was ample evidence of the state of her feelings; and she opened the sealed envelope as one does a telegram.

"Permit 'the gentleman in the seal-skin cap' to offer a word of counsel to the 'lady admirer'—that, in future, she learn to distinguish between a gentleman and a scamp; and, when she returns home, which had better be at once, she confess her imprudence to her mother."

Jessie gave a little cry of delight.

"Rich, my own true Rich."

* * * * * * * *

The dinner-table was in readiness, and in the lace and damask draped bay window Mrs. Wintringham waited for her husband's coming home.

"And how have you got along, Jessie? Were you lonely last night. Had any company?"

"I have had a letter from a gentleman since you've been gone—a handsomer man than even Mr. Addison."

Jessie watched him closely, her eyes beginning to hint of not far-distant tears.

"You did? I dare say I can see it?"

Jessie slipped a half-sheet of paper from her pocket and gave it to him, her lip trembling, yet half smiling.

He opened it carelessly, then looked at her in amazement.

"Why, what on earth, Jessie! Why, I wrote this letter."

"Yes, I know you did—oh, Rich!"

She was almost crying now, and her husband was looking so gravely at her. She pointed to a blue waterproof and brown veil lying across a chair.

"It was I, Rich! I know it was wicked, but—but I wanted to know if it was true, you know, and——"

Mr. Wintringham knit his brows frowningly.

"I am not sure I understand yet. Jessie, did you send me that letter last night? Were you 'my lady admirer' in the train and at the St. Julian?"

She laid her hands on his shoulder, and looked in his eyes penitently.

"Don't scold, Rich! It was I, and my little escapade has made me very happy, for all I know I was very cruel to do such a thing. You may punish me in any way you please, Rich."

He drew her head down to his breast and kissed her, while she promised never to be so foolish again.

Scientific and Useful.

RUSTED STEEL.—Rusted steel, it is said can be cleansed by washing with a solution of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium in two ounces of water, and brushing with a paste made of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of castile soap, an ounce of whiting, and water enough to make a paste.

WOOD PRESERVING.—Experiments have for some time been made in Belgium for preserving wood by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with liquid gutta-percha. The gutta-percha is liquefied by mixing it with paraffine and subjecting to heat. After it is introduced into the pores it hardens as it becomes cold.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Brush off the dust with a piece of chamois, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum-arabic of about the consistency of thick mucilage; expose it to the sun or wind to dry. In a short time it will peel off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. If the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be tried again.

USEFUL HINTS.—It is not generally known that a piece of stale bread, the size of an egg, tied up in a small linen bag, and boiled with cabbages, will prevent the unpleasant odor which otherwise often permeates the whole house. A bit of bread, too, held on the point of a knife with which onions are peeled will considerably reduce the severe smarting of the eyes to which most people are subject during the process. The explanation, in both cases, is simply that bread has the power of absorbing noxious gases.

TERRA-COTTA TILES.—The use of terra-cotta tiles for the roofing of buildings is now advocated by engineers of the highest repute, in place of slate and other popular materials. The tiles are very light, owing to the rectangular holes traversing them longitudinally; but recent experiments have shown that they are capable of bearing the enormous pressure of 394 pounds per square foot, and, when protected from blows by a thin sheathing, furnish one of the best materials available for the floors of large structures.

FOR BURNS.—Among the colonists who have recently come to this country from South Russia, the chief remedy for cuts, bruises, scalds and burns is oil of eggs, and extraordinary stories are told of its efficacy and healing power. It is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolk removed, crushed, and placed over a fire, where they are watched and stirred until the whole mass is on the point of catching fire. At this moment the oil separates, and may be easily decanted. One yolk yields about two drachms of oil.

Farm and Garden.

NEVER cut a fowl's wing to prevent its flying. Pull out the flight feathers of one wing.

CABBAGES.—The outside leaves of cabbages are greedily eaten by cows; but with, however, a bad effect on the milk, unless care is taken to feed just after milking. Given this, the bad flavor goes off before the cow is milked again.

HEAVES.—An Indiana farmer states that he cured heaves in horses by withholding hay from them and substituting green food in its place. He also gives a ball as large as a walnut, composed of equal parts of balsam of fir and balsam of copaiba.

THE BEST.—The cattle that make the largest returns for the food consumed pay the best. It is the well-formed animal that makes the most valuable meat. It does not pay to feed hogs that will only develop head and snout when there are good grades to be obtained.

BOTS.—Bots in horses are not easily destroyed. Their attachment to the stomach is mechanical, and they remain there until the season for their escape arrives. There is no way to prevent them but by removing the nits from the hide whenever deposited thereon.

BOUQUETS.—A very pretty hand bouquet can be made by taking a small, straight stick, not over a quarter of an inch in diameter; tie a string to the top of it, and begin by fastening on it a few delicate flowers, or one large, beautiful one for the centre piece, putting the cord about each stem as you add the flowers and leaves to the bouquet; always place the flowers with the shortest stems at the top, preserving all there with long stems for the base, and finish off the bouquet with a fringe of finely-cut foliage. Then cut all the stems evenly, wrap damp cotton around them, and cover the stems with a paper cut in pretty lace designs.

HOW TO PRESERVE FEATHERS.—The disposal and management of the feathers is a thing that calls for attention. As soon as a fowl is killed, and while yet warm, let it be carefully plucked. Separate the large wing-feathers; put the others into small paper bags previously prepared. Put these bags into an oven and let them remain about half an hour; take them out, repeat the process two or three times, then keep the feathers in a dry place till required. The oven must not be too hot. Care must be taken to free the feathers of any skin or flesh that may adhere to them while being plucked, or they will be tainted. The hard quilly portion of the larger feathers must be cut off with a pair of scissors. The wing and tail feathers may be stripped and added to the others.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 10, 1885.

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THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

The true secret of success is in being master of the situation, and strong in the consciousness that you can do at least one thing well—as well as it can possibly be done. This applies to every calling and every condition of life.

There is always a demand for skilled doctors and lawyers, as well as for skilled artizans and workpeople, and so there will be as long as the world lasts.

They always have as much as they can do, and as the busiest people invariably have the most time, they can always contrive to accomplish twice as much as others.

The outcry about over-population, and about the ranks of every profession and trade being overcrowded, is partly owing to the fact that the legions of the unfit stand idle and incapable, waiting for luck or good fortune to come to them, but not knowing how to set to work and to conquer fate for themselves.

A happy or fortunate chance, or combination of circumstances, may present itself; but if we are to take advantage of it, we must have clear visions to perceive it, energy to pursue, and skill to improve and make the most of it.

There is no time in life for lounging about and taking things easily; if we intend to succeed, there is always something to be done, and when that is finished something else crops up, or grows out of the previous piece of work.

Another essential element of success is briskness—a very different thing from the hurry which has given rise to the expression, "the more haste, the less speed." Things that are done briskly have a crisp freshness about them that is worth a good deal, and the worker is left unfatigued, and ready to go on again.

The consciousness of "something attempted, something done," as the poet puts it, gives him new nerve and courage, and he goes on rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Thoroughness need never be impeded by prompt and swift action, and although "slow and sure" has passed into a proverb, it is not one of universal application. Punctuality also goes a long way towards ensuring success, and the time saved by it is marvelous.

Life contains twice as many possibilities for those who finish their task at the appointed moment, and begin again without the waste of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, as it does for persons who yawn and look around them, and occupy many precious minutes in getting up the resolution necessary for the next.

There is nothing so inspiriting as success. It brings the merry heart that "goes a' the day," and even if its arrival be tardy, we know very well whether we have deserved it, and all things come round to those who can but wait.

There are very few circumstances over which man has no control; he can to a great extent order his own life and take care of his own health, and, as occupation is eminently healthy, the busiest people rejoice most in this best of blessings.

He can refrain from self-indulgence, and always keep himself well in hand and ready for anything that may turn up. He can act in the living present, and the habit of his doing so will ensure his doing so in the future.

People do not grow weary of well-doing when they see what it leads to, and he who aims at the moon shoots higher than his fellow who merely aims at a sparrow in a tree.

Let us set one goal before us in whatever we undertake, and skill, promptitude, and reliability will surely conduct us to the winning-post, and enable us to realize the substantial pleasure of success.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A MEDICAL writer says that the cholera microbe is shaped like a comma, and that 40,000 to 60,000 of them placed lengthwise would make an inch.

—

IT is important for the household's health that the cellar should be rather light and well ventilated. There should be, if possible, one or more openings into warm flues in the chimney-stack, so that the air may be continually changing. The best way to keep a house dry and healthy is to use it, living in all the rooms, either every day, or by turns. A spare room is usually a damp, ill-ventilated room, and a house which is not occupied deteriorates much faster than one which is occupied.

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To the public morgue of Paris there are brought on an average between ninety and a hundred bodies daily. They are strangers mostly, though about 75 per cent. of them are afterwards recognized. A good proportion of the number are suicides.

—

GERMANS, who have hitherto been blind to the fact that the all work and no play system of high schools has resulted in making more than half of the educated classes short-sighted are now awakening to the fact, and are making a move to give their children more exercise.

—

IN 1838 were begun the first trustworthy records of the average length of life of the English-speaking race, and, comparing that data with the present, it is shown that there has been an addition of 8 per cent. to the female life, and 5 per cent. to the male. This increase has been attained principally by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health.

—

IN the clubs, club rooms and club houses of New York, the following-named countries are said to be represented: Japan, China, Cochin China, Turkey, Norway, Sweden, Malacca, Hungary, England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Prussia, Austria, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Holland, Belgium, Brazil, Mexico, Poland and Cuba.

—

IN a lecture at Brighton, an English professor included in a list for young ladies of "whom not to marry" all smokers and men who indulged in alcoholic liquors. The audience manifested disapproval loudly and frequently, and a London paper's comments on the present scarcity of husbands imply that the ladies led in the expression of disagreement with the professor's ideas.

—

IN a Paris paper a writer proposes that all large cities be supplied with fresh, country air just as they now are with water. A large field in the country is to be surrounded with a high wall and planted with balsamic trees, to filter the air from dust. The air is then to be forced through pipes into every city house. The hygienist gravely calculated the expense, and provides for cooling the air in the summer season, and heating it in winter.

—

FROM all directions come reports that the days of the claw-hammer coat, yards of starched linen, plain black trousers and silk hat are short. They give gentlemen of wealth, it is alleged, no opportunity for display either of money or taste, and render them wholly undistinguishable from hotel waiters. In Paris a reform dress association has been formed, having for its object the re-introduction of velvets and many-colored satins for evening wear. Leaders of fashion in other cities also predict that the styles of Louis XV., if not indeed the doublet and hose, will be in quite general wear in society in nearly all the principal cities of the world within the next decade.

—

PHOTOGRAPHY has just enabled a daring artist to distinguish himself, as well as slightly enlarge the world's store of information. It was the photographing of a tiger and a buffalo at the instant they were in deadly conflict. The affair had been previously arranged, a buffalo being tethered to a stump and a tiger let loose upon him. The one beat of the heart that intervened between the blow of the tiger's paw and the victim's positive surrender of existence, sufficed for the photographer to catch and fix, with unerring fidelity, the attitudes of the slayer and slain. By this triumph of art is settled the much mooted question of how a tiger kills its prey.

—

A BODY of well-equipped men are about setting out for Northeastern Wyoming for the double purpose of shooting wild horses and poisoning coyotes. The latter are a terror to cattle men, and a reward of $2.50 each is offered for their pelts. Wild horses have increased of late on the plains, and do damage by enticing away tame ones, so that the loss to owners is great every year, and is steadily increasing. It is impossible in ordinary times to catch the riderless wild horses with other animals bearing the burden of a man, but it is thought possible, by taking them in the winter season, when not well fed, to shoot down the stallions, and then catch the remainder of the herd. The expedition goes out prepared to remain away from civilization until April.

—

HERE are facts and figures not usually appended to election returns. The history of past elections teaches us that this vote of the nation advances from President to President by steps measured in numbers by 10 per cent. The total vote of 1868 was 5,724,054: of 1872, was 6,465,805; of 1876, was 8,412,733; of 1880, was 9,210,970. Add 10 per cent. to this last total and the estimate for the vote that went into the ballot-boxes at the last election will be 10,312,063. A ballot is a piece of paper measuring four inches wide and 10½ inches long. If the ballots cast in November last were placed end to end they would reach in a continuous line from Washington, D. C., to El Paso, Texas, or they would stretch from Eastport, Me., to New Orleans.

—

A PROMINENT New Yorker, who has been out West attending the National Convention of "Cowboys," finds reason to believe that the cry of hard times is due to the overproduction of machinery, and he echoes Horace Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West." "There," he says, "are one thousand square miles of fertile farming lands that have scarcely been scratched yet. It costs $6 to plant and harvest an acre of wheat, whether the yield is small or great. If the farmer gets twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, and commands fifty cents a bushel for it, he gets his money back. If he raises twenty-four bushels to the acre, he doubles his money. Most of the Western wheat fields have averaged twenty bushels to the acre this year." He adds: "If you can name any other business as safe, which gives a larger return on the capital invested, I should be very much pleased to hear of it."

—

A GERMAN professor has started a theory respecting clothing, which is creating quite a sensation in fatherland. He objects to garments made of linen or cotton, and gives many reasons why wool should be the sole clothing of human beings. Wool is the natural covering of animals. It rids their bodies of effete and poisonous emanations, and protects them from the inclemency of the weather. But cotton and linen are composed of vegetable fibre. They are dead materials, and retain the noxious emanations from our bodies, thus slowly poisoning us. Silk is not so objectionable, as it is a product of animal life, because spun from the body of an animal. But it is far less wholesome, especially when worn next the skin, than wool or the hair of one of the lower animals. These are some of the reasons why he demands the exclusion of cotton and linen from the materials out of which we make our clothing.

—

OF late there has grown up a conviction in many well-informed minds that the whole city school system is drifting into something very much resembling a mechanical contrivance, the working of which is to "turn out samples" all on one model—a process which is in danger of resulting in the production of "patent brains," all shaped alike, and all filled with exactly the same material. The "grading" and "examination" have produced marvelously uniform work. The work has been of a good class, but it is urged that it is too uniform—that it is the product of too many "examinations," and of a system which entails on the teachers too much of that routine process which prevents a just and needed attention to the mental needs, peculiarities and natural bent of individual pupils. In the place of exceptionally high scholarship in the direction in which individual tastes and abilities might lead, there is a danger which attends a tendency to run the minds of all pupils in one prescribed groove. The fear is that desire, born of necessity, to attain a certain percentage in a somewhat complex and altogether too numerous a class of "examinations" will drive out a tendency toward real downright scholarship—that "markings" and "ratings" in these examinations will supercede solid preparation for the after education and duties of life.

NO MORE.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

By the lake's clear waters blue
Which the green banks lave,
Stood a maiden fair and true
Where the branches wave.

Came a rider by that way,
Strong he look'd and brave,
And he call'd a greeting gay
Where the branches wave.

Sunlight glimmer'd o'er the pair
And its brightness gave;
All the world was bright and fair
Where the branches wave.

Now he whispers soft and low,
"'Tis a 'Yes' I crave,"
(Maiden, sweetest, answer "No")
Where the branches wave.

"Yes," she said. No kind hand near
Could that maiden save.
For her word held nought of fear
Where the branches wave.

False to all the vows he swore
Went that heartless knave,
Left the maid, lamenting sore,
Where the branches wave.

Gone were all the sunny hours
That such brightness gave,
Gone were all the lovely flow'rs
Where the branches wave.

Howls the dreary tempest now,
And the waters rave;
Naked is the storm-toss'd bough
Where the branches wave.

There no more the maiden stands!
Daisied is her grave,
Folded are her quiet hands,
Where the branches wave.

Once Again.

BY P. C. B.

"WELL, Aunt Antonia, what do you think of her?"

Mr. Wayland had just come home from business, and met his aunt in the snug little drawing-room, where the red plush curtains hung in such vivid folds, and the fire glowed in the twilight like a crimson jewel.

Somewhere in the room there was a daphne tree in full blossom.

You could smell its subtile sweetness, even though you could not detect its whereabouts by means of the eye, and a bright-plumed bird whistled softly in the half-light, as if it were soliloquising to itself.

Rufus Wayland had not seen the old aunt who had brought him up for a year—a year, which to him had been full of eventful interest, for within its bright cycle of months he had wooed and won the wife who was to him the sweetest creature in all the world.

And now that Aunt Antonia had returned from the south, he had looked forward to her visit with a sense of happy exultation.

"She will take a mother's place to my motherless Zoe," he thought; "and she cannot help admiring the dear little thing."

And so he had hurried home from his business upon this particular evening, to feast his ears on Aunt Antonia's tribute of delight and homage to Zoe's charms.

Aunt Antonia was a tall, rather stiff, elderly lady, in black silk, with compact little bunches of grey curls on either side of her face, gold spectacles, and a mouth which seemed to screw itself together, instead of closing like other people's lips.

She allowed herself to be kissed affectionately by her nephew, and then straightened out her cap ribbons with a sigh.

"I think, Rufus," said she, sepulchrally, "that you have married a child!"

"Well, she is young," admitted the husband, laughing. "But she is such a darling!"

"She can't be twenty," said Aunt Antonia.

"Just eighteen," said Rufus.

"And so unformed!" added the old lady, who had a way of heaving up deep sighs from the lower regions of her lungs at the end of every sentence, which was, to say the least of it, depressing.

"You mean——"

"No system!" said Aunt Antonia. "No definite aim in life! No logic!"

"But," pleaded Rufus Wayland, "what does she want of system, and logic, and all that sort of thing?"

"Sitting on the rug reading fairy-tales," said Aunt Antonia, "like a baby! And then confessing out and out to me, without as much as a blush of shame, that she has never read Milton's 'Paradise Regained,' and is quite ignorant of Shakspeare! Any ten-year-old child ought to be ashamed to own such flagrant ignorance! And when I asked her about the aid societies and charitable clubs in the neighborhood, she couldn't give me a single item of information, but kissed me, and wanted me to eat chocolate creams out of a pink satin box!"

Mr. Wayland laughed.

"That is just like Zoe," he said.

And the next instant, Zoe herself came into the room—a beautiful young creature, with golden hair, bound carelessly with blue fillets of ribbon (in a way which Aunt Antonia secretly pronounced "crazy fashion"), a pale blue silk dress and the prettiest of high-heeled French slippers.

"Tea is ready, Rufus," she said.

Could there be anything prettier, or more lovable—the young husband asked himself—than this golden-tressed fairy who flitted about the room, seeming to create a sweet home atmosphere wherever she went—this dimpled little plaything who knelt on the rug, playing with the cat, and never attempted to follow the thread of the conversation, while Aunt Antonia and her nephew criticised the last volume of essays and the latest poem.

"Because, you know, I'm not literary," confessed Zoe, as she drew a rosebud about the carpet to attract the antics of pussy, and laughed a peal of sweet girlish laughter, when the rosebud was captured at last.

But Mr. Wayland was a little graver than usual that evening after Aunt Antonia and her candle had disappeared, with a majesty not unworthy of Lady Macbeth, into her own apartment, which Zoe had filled with flowers, old china, Turkey rugs, and all manner of pretty trifles.

Was Zoe really frivolous, or was it that Aunt Antonia's higher plane of life dwarfed her narrow circle of existence?

"Zoe," said he, "you must have a great deal of time."

"Oh, plenty!" said the bride innocently.

"Don't you think you could go through a course of reading, which my aunt will mark out for you? Every lady reads nowadays."

"But I read too," said Zoe, with wide-open blue eyes.

"Solid literature, I mean," corrected her husband. "The English classics—all that sort of thing."

Zoe drooped her head.

"I—suppose so," said she slowly.

"Of course I know that you are a dear little housekeeper," went on Rufus; "but my aunt reminds me that we ought not to confine our sympathies within the narrow range of our daily existence."

"I don't understand," said Zoe, faintly.

"Aunt Antonia will explain," said Rufus. "There are always clubs to join, mutual improvement societies to organise, charitable associations to form. And when you have once tasted the pleasure of these improving occupations——"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Zoe; "and I will try my best to do as you wish, Rufus."

But there was the shadow of a new gravity on that infantine face, a pensive intonation of the voice, which Rufus Wayland had never heard before.

Aunt Antonia went to the book store, and ordered home huge editions of the classics.

She began a daily course of reading with her nephew's wife; she initiated her into the mysteries of clubs, societies, symposiums, until the day became all too short for her engagements.

"Your wife is improving," she said to Rufus. "I really think she is awakening to a sense of the responsibilities of a woman in the nineteenth century at last."

And Rufus kissed the peach-like, dimpled cheek, and congratulated Zoe on her mental advance.

But somehow the home was not so sweet and cosy.

An impalpable something was missing—the influence which had followed Zoe's light footsteps all through the rooms, the glass of flowers here, the looped curtains there, the sheets of music on the piano, the bird-cage hung in the sunshine, the delicate dish prepared by Zoe's own fingers, all the pretty, quaint devices which had descended to this young housekeeper through a long line of ancestors.

They had been very pleasant.

Rufus Wayland had enjoyed them as we enjoy the sweet air and sunshine, without pausing to think whence they came; and he missed them now.

But all of a sudden the delicate little flower drooped, as a blue-bell droops after a sharp September frost.

"I am not sick," said Zoe. "Oh, no! but I feel as if there wasn't any more strength left in me. I think I won't get up to-day; I'll lie in bed and rest. No, no; don't send for a doctor? I don't need medicine—I only need rest."

Aunt Antonia stared.

Herself strong as an iron machine, it had never occurred to her that all natures were not cast in the same enduring mould; but the old family doctor look grave and shook his grey head.

"She has overdone herself," he said; "the result may be serious. Pray put away her books; don't so much as speak to her about classics or societies."

And Aunt Antonia had never, in the course of her whole life, felt such a pang as when the doctor whispered his impression that little Zoe must probably drift away from them into the great unknown would as the autumn comes on.

"But there is nothing the matter with her?" pleaded she, with a mist gathering over the ovals of her glasses.

"That is precisely the sort of case that we physicians find most difficult to deal with," said Dr. Dean.

And one day Zoe put her soft transparent little hand out upon that of her husband.

"I am not asleep," said she; "don't keep so quiet. But sometimes my speech and mind seem to float away from me, and so I had perhaps better tell you now how sorry I am that I have been such a disappointment to you."

"A disappointment! Zoe, my treasure!"

"I never could have been a nice lady like Aunt Antonia," whispered Zoe; "it wasn't in me. They were killing me—those dreadful clubs, and the long, long pages of blank verse, and the tiresome plays of Shakspeare, which I never understood. Tell her it was very kind of her to try and remodel me for your sake, dear; but it never could have been done. But I loved you, darling—oh, so well! Always remember that, won't you dear? And now I'll try to sleep a little."

Aunt Antonia looked blankly at her nephew, as the soft lids drooped over the big blue eyes.

"We have made a mistake," she whispered.

"Yes," said Rufus Wayland hoarsely, "we have made a mistake; and if it has lost me my little Zoe, I shall never forgive myself."

But Zoe did not die.

With tender nursing and constant care, she recovered; and when she was well enough to travel, Rufus Wayland took her to the bright Azores.

"Hang Milton and Shakspeare!" said he. 'Confusion seize all these 'Mental Improvement Associations' and 'Intellectual Saturnalias!' Put 'em all together, I don't value them half so much as one golden hair of Zoe's dear little head."

"You're quite sure you wouldn't have me any different?" said Zoe artlessly.

"My dear," said the young husband, "if you were like Aunt Antonia—who, thank fortune, has gone with a socialising society somewhere up to the North Pole—I should commit suicide."

And Zoe laughed the sweet, old laugh, and was happy once again.

Second Thoughts.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

"OF COURSE he's very nice and agreeable," said Alice Safford. "And handsome, too, if one fancies that dark, escaped-brigand style. But I don't think I like him!"

"Alice, how can you?" indignantly remonstrated Emmeline, the elder sister.

"And when things are all but settled between you!" groaned Althea, the second Miss Safford.

Alice was undeniably the beauty of the family.

Emmeline was hard-featured and practical, and occupied the post of vice-principal in a neighboring primary school.

Althea was short and stout, with slimy, grey eyes, and brows so light that they were scarcely perceptible on the level plain of her face.

She was housekeeper, and performed marvels in the pie and pudding line, besides making the family income go twice as far as it would otherwise have done.

But Alice—fresh-cheeked, rosy-lipped little Alice, with the straight, small features, and the liquid, sapphire-blue eyes—she had always been the family baby.

She practised a little, sometimes, on the piano, which was hired.

She made up frills and laces for the other girls, embroidered pretty trifles, and took care of the canary and the geraniums.

Nobody dreamed of setting Alice to perform any of the harder, more menial duties of the household.

And great was the family satisfaction when Frank Kingsdale fell in love with Alice.

"Now she will have the home she deserves," said Emmeline.

"And a husband who will worship her!" added Althea, who, alas! had never had an offer in her life.

Perhaps if Mr. Kingsdale had not displayed his infatuation so plainly, Alice Safford would have accepted him.

As it is, she did not.

She believed in the old proverb about the over-ripeness of the apple which fell too readily from the bough.

She was slightly fastidious, and very capricious.

And she made up her mind after much deliberation, that Mr. Kingsdale was not "her ideal."

"It's of no use," said Mrs. Safford; "she won't have him."

"Is the girl crazy?" said Althea, dolefully.

"She must have been," said Emmeline, who, as a full-fledged vice-principal, believed in the efficacy of strict discipline.

"I don't love him," said Alice. "Am I to fall in love with every gentleman who chooses to take a fancy to me?"

"Love don't signify so much—not if you like and respect him!" sighed poor Mrs. Safford, who had eloped at sixteen and had led a sorry life of it for thirty odd years in consequence thereof.

"Oh, mamma!" said Alice. "I never could marry a man if I didn't love him."

"You're a silly goose!" declared Althea.

"I'm not an old maid, anyhow!" retorted saucy Alice.

"It would serve you right if Frank Kingsdale went and married Hippolyta Danesbury," asserted Emmeline.

"He will not do that," said Alice. "You will see that he will never marry anybody."

"Then you have blighted his life," said Althea, in accents of reproval.

Mr. Kingsdale accepted his dismissal. Contrary to Alice's expectations, he came to the little hearthstone in the "Montefiore Flats" no more.

The bouquets, new books and boxes of French chocolate ceased to arrive by special messenger.

There were no more private boxes at the opera.

No pleasant drives in the park. It was a little dull.

But Alice Safford felt that she had vindicated herself, and when he had overcome his first chagrin, she was certain that he would come again—of course he would come again.

Old Mrs. Wyndham Jones called one day—a powdered, overdressed old lady, with false hair, false teeth, false everything, who believed herself still to be as beautiful as Venus.

She went everywhere, and knew everybody, and was as good as a daily newspaper.

"Well, I declare!" cackled this venerable interpreter of society, "Miss Alice has gone off in her looks, hasn't she? And that accounts for it. I told Mrs. FitzArbine that Frank Kingsdale never would have thrown her over unless there was some good cause. Did you know he was becoming quite devoted to General Salsify's niece, Miss Mangenet? Everybody's talking about it."

Emmeline looked grim. Alice blushed scarlet.

Althea observed tartly, that "they didn't take much interest in drawing-room gossip."

"No, of course not," said Mrs. Wyndham Jones. "Being so entirely out of society, all these things are new to you. But it's a pity about young Kingsdale, isn't it? He would have been such a catch for Miss Alice, there."

Alice's cheeks flushed even deeper than before.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said she, purposely omitting the Wyndham, on which the old lady especially prided herself; "I am not in a hurry to be married."

"That's what all the girls say," chuckled Mrs. Wyndham Jones. "But goodness gracious, they can't deceive me! And Frank Kingsdale is one in a thousand! They say Miss Mangenet's trousseau is to come direct from Paris. Oh, well, it's dress that makes her! She isn't pretty—only stylish! And she must be fully five years older than Frank."

Alice said nothing after Mrs. Wyndham Jones had taken her departure.

She busied herself with practicing a new "Nocturne," and gave the double chords with great spirit.

The next day, at breakfast, Mrs. Safford looked very worn and haggard.

"Girls," she said, "I've ill news for you. I'm sorry I ever invested in those Tennegridge mining-bonds. Ten per cent seemed very attractive, but I ought to have followed your uncle Cannaby's advice, and let them alone. The whole thing has exploded. We've lost the twelve hundred pounds, and, what's worse, we're liable to the stockholders!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Alice; "what are we to do?"

"We must all go to work," said the widow piteously. "I will take a few boarders—Althea can help me; and you, Alice, do you think, darling, you would mind a genteel place in a millinery or dressmaking establishment—something that was light and lucrative?"

"Mamma," said Alice, clasping her hands, "I will go as a common servant-maid, if only you will not look so white and terrified!"

"Oh, if only you had married Mr. Kingsdale!" sighed Emmeline, wringing her hands.

"It isn't worth while to talk about that now," said Alice quickly.

Mrs. Stitchall, in Seymour street, agreed to initiate Miss Safford into the art of first-class dressmaking.

The girl was pretty and stylish.

Her customers liked to be waited on by just such dimpled young hoyden; and, besides, on account of her inexperience, Miss Safford came cheap.

But poor Alice was indescribably shocked on the second day of her apprenticeship, when Miss Mangenet swept into the show-room, with Mrs. General Salsify and half-a-dozen fashionable friends in attendance on her.

"My neice has countermanded her Parisian order," said Mrs. Salsify. "She thinks that Pingat and Worth charge a deal too much. What we want to know now, is whether you, Mrs. Stitchall, can undertake to have her dresses ready for the thirtieth of March."

Mrs. Stitchall beamed, and said "she thought that she could. For a wedding outfit, of course, all other things must give way." Miss Mangenet smiled loftily.

She did look old and ball-worn, Alice thought, for all her eyes were so large and her figure so imperially developed.

"Yes," she said, "I am to be married on the thirtieth of March, and I don't care who knows it. I am not one of your green school-girls who want to involve everything in mystery."

And then she fell to turning over the stuffs, and criticising the fashion-plates, as a fashionable lady should.

A strange pang rent poor Alice Safford's heart as she stood there, arranging imported costumes on their frames.

Her eyes brimmed with tears.

How could Frank ever have fancied such a bold, showy, loud-voiced votary of fashion as this?

Frank, who was so fastidious, so refined, so all that a man should be?

Suddenly she started.

Her own heart lay before her, easy to be deciphered as an open book.

Was she in love with another woman's affianced lover?

And the deep color glowed on her cheek, and her lip quivered.

Oh, why—why had she not comprehended her own nature before?

Now it was too late.

It was a raw, snowy twilight when she started to return home, with a sad wind wailing through the streets, and the gas-jets flickering behind their misty glasses.

Never before had Alice Safford been out so late unprotected, and a drunken man just arrived at the gleeful stage of inebriation, who staggered down the street, made her heart beat with terror.

She uttered a little scream as she stepped hastily aside, and walked nearly into the arms of a tall pedestrian, wearing a seal-trimmed overcoat.

"Why, Alice!" he called out cheerily, "Is this really you? Alone, and at this time of night!"

"Frank!" was all that she could gasp.

"If you don't want to walk with me, he said, "I will not inflict my presence upon you. But I will keep a little behind, so as to make sure that you reach home safely. Dusk is the worst of all time for a young girl to be out in the streets without an escort."

She looked at him with eyes of mute pleading.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked. "Why do you look so strangely at me?"

"Because you speak so coldly—because you are so changed!" she cried out, resolutely repressing her sobs. "Oh, why don't you speak to me as you did once?"

He drew her arm under his.

"Alice," he said, "if I thought that you cared for me——"

"I do!" she exclaimed passionately. "You know that I do. But oh! what am I saying to you, the betrothed husband of another woman?"

He looked puzzled.

"This is quite new to me," said he. "Whether I marry, or whether I die single, my heart will ever be true to one woman, and one only—and she is Alice Safford."

"And Miss Maugenet?"

"Didn't you know? She is to marry my cousin, Colonel Kingsdale, who is the general's aide-de-camp. Miss Maugenet, indeed! Why she is almost old enough to be my mother!"

"I am so glad—I am so glad!" was all that Alice could say through her sobs.

Mrs. Safford was patching some muslin curtains, to make them do for the second-story hall bedroom, Emmeline was writing out an advertisement, "Boarders Wanted," for the next morning paper, and Althea was preparing a frugal bread-pudding for the economical dinner, when Alice and Frank Kingsdale came in.

Mrs. Safford dropped her needle, Althea set down the pudding on the table, and Emmeline sat with her pen suspended in mid-air.

"It's all right," said Frank, shaking hands all round; "were engaged. We're to be married next week, lest Alice here should change her mind, you know!"

"I shall never change my mind," said Alice indignantly. "I have always loved Frank—always! Only I didn't know it until I thought I had lost him."

They were married very quietly, and old Mrs. Wyndham Jones protested that she had known it all along.

So the Mrs. Wyndham Jones' of the world never like even the appearance of being taken unawares.

At the Threshold.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

SHE STOOD at the threshold to greet him, a fair picture with the soft folds of the white satin dress clinging so gracefully to the lithe girlish figure.

It was the dress she would wear on the morrow, her wedding-day; and she wanted him she loved to see how fair and dainty a bride should meet him.

Very lovely was Beryl Vere, the tall slight figure and small head with its close coils of golden-brown hair shimmering in the moonlight, as she stood shyly waiting for his coming, the rosy color deepening as she raised her limpid gray eyes to his.

He held her at arm's length for a minute, watching the changing face with loving eager eyes.

"Beryl, will you always love me? Child, how lovely you look to-night!"—and, drawing her closer to him, he kissed her passionately, almost roughly. "Say it again, darling; say, 'Philip, I love you.'"

She repeated his words, and again the gray eyes were raised to his.

How could he doubt their truth?

"My darling, you are not superstitious, or you would not have put on your wedding-dress; don't you know that the old women say it is unlucky?

"I'm glad my little bride does not heed such nonsense, otherwise I should not have been able to obtain this peep at my pet."

* * * * *

Sir Philip L'Estrange, Baronet, was a noble-looking man just entering his eight-and-twentieth year, tall, dark, and broad-shouldered, and, with his long pedigree, a fine old family place that had descended from father to son for hundreds of years, and a splendid rent-roll, held one of the first positions in the county, while his kind gentle manners made him a favorite with all who knew him.

When it was known that in the autumn he would bring to his old home a fair young English bride, his sporting friends and companions shook their heads, and were unanimous in declaring that he would be spoiled, and that his wife would bully him.

At all of this Philip laughed, saying that time would prove whether such sorry predictions would come true.

They little knew the sweet temper of the girl who had taken Philip's heart captive, the lonely orphan who hardly remembered her fair young mother, and not at all the gallant young soldier-father who fell to rise no more whilst leading a storming-party in the dread Crimean War.

His gentle little wife had survived the shock of her husband's death only two years; and then poor little Beryl was indeed left alone in the world.

At this crisis a friend of her father, an old bachelor, came forward and took the orphan child to his home, where she had grown to woman's estate, the pride and darling of Mr. Saville's heart.

And now, as he sat brooding over the coming parting, there was a gentle tap at the door, and Beryl's voice was heard asking if she might come in.

"Philip told me to show you my dress, uncle Harry," she said coming to his side.

The old man's eyes filled as they rested on her; and he thought how proud his old friend her father would have been to see his child at that moment.

"My dear Beryl, how like you are to your poor mother," he said tremulously—"just as lovely as she looked on her wedding morn! But I must not forget that you must wear these;" and uncle Harry placed in her hands a jewel-casket, where glittering on their velvet beds, lay a splendid suite of pearls—necklace, bracelets, and ear-drops. "Your mother wore them on her wedding-morn just nineteen years ago, Beryl—they were my present to her—and now I give them to you my child; and may heaven bless you!"

And, kissing the fair young forehead tenderly, uncle Harry led her to the door and gently shut her out.

When the September sun broke through the crimson-curtained panes, it found him still watching there, mayhap dreaming of his boyhood's days and the one woman he had loved, his friend's wife and Beryl's mother.

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The wedding over, Philip took his bride to Switzerland; and among its glorious mountains and lakes, all so novel to her, the autumn days sped like a dream.

So happy and joyous was Beryl that Sir Philip never tired of watching her loved face.

She was so good and true, so innately sweet and pure, that he sometimes felt afraid of the passionate love that he had for her; and he would breathe a swift silent prayer that they might be spared to each other through all the dangers and chances of life.

So they wandered on under the glorious skies of foreign lands, loath to return to their own.

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It was an old wainscoted room, with dark oaken furniture covered in deep crimson velvet—a comfortable pleasant old room, such as a stranger on entering would like to stay and rest in.

The wind moaned and whistled through the bare branches, for autumn was on the wane, and the red and yellow leaves were lying on the damp earth.

The sobbing, sighing wind seemed to be a great monarch of the forest mourning over their fading summer beauty.

Now and then a heavier gust than usual swept the scudding sleet against the window-panes and barred oaken doors of St. Cuthbert's, as if striving to force a way within its comfortable precincts.

Seated in one of the large velvet chairs, watching the firelight gleaming and sparkling on the diamonds which covered her small white hands, was an old lady with a sweet patrician face.

The snow-white hair was banded smoothly back, and a widow's cap with long lappets falling over the black velvet gown make her look as one in an old picture.

Philip might well be proud of his fair stately old mother.

In the uncertain gleam of the firelight, as the wind threw the sleet with a more furious blast against the window, she started up.

"What a night for their coming home! Surely I hear wheels? Yes, there they are! I must ring and order the servants up. Beryl shall have a real Irish welcome."

The old hall looked smiling and bright, despite the dark rusty suits of armor that decked it, suits that had done their duty well in many a hard-fought field and gallant tournament.

For the L'Estranges had been soldiers from the time of Elizabeth, when they had left their fair English lands and made their home under the shadow of the lovely Tipperary hills.

Philip was the first son of the House of L'Estrange who had not followed the fortunes of war; and it was he who was now expected home with his fair young bride.

As the great doors swung back on their massive hinges, the servants curtseyed low, and the fond mother rushed forward to welcome her boy to the home of his ancestors; and then, turning to Beryl, she took the slight figure in her arms.

"Beryl, my dear," she said, kissing her tenderly, "I have often longed for a dear daughter; welcome to your home, my sweet child!"

Then, drawing her arm through hers, she led her through the long array of servants, Beryl bowing and smiling kindly in answer to their murmured words of greeting.

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The months sped by, and as the days passed the old dowager became more and more attached to her daughter-in-law; every one loved her, high and low, far and near.

The poor and sick found a good friend in Beryl, and there were murmured blessings wherever she appeared.

How Philip loved her, and how proud he was of the light and happiness he had brought to his beloved mother!

And soon his joy would be greater, for there was a little heir to the old name and place expected ere long.

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Three years passed, and Sir Philip's cup of joy seemed full to the brim.

The winter, with its frosts and snows, held sway again, and the long corridors and galleries of old St. Cuthbert's echoed to the sound of little feet and chiming baby-laughter, as Beryl, still as fair and girlish as of yore, played hide-and-seek with her little boy and baby-girl.

Philip, while he smoked his cigar, watched them with a deep tenderness in his eyes, as he thought how he had been blessed above his fellows.

The thaw had begun, and Philip said the hounds would certainly be out by Thursday.

The sun continued to shine, and bit by bit the green fields showed out, and, except in some sheltered nooks the snow had disappeared.

Thursday came, bright and beautiful, one of those mornings when the hedgerows glisten in the morning sun and the birds pipe forth as if in thanks for the bright glorious sunshine.

Philip and Beryl rolled along in the latter's little carriage, the ponies' bells making musical chimes on the clear air.

Philip had not given in to his wife's entreaties to let her ride, as he knew there was still a "bone" in the ground; so she had to content herself with seeing what she could from the road.

Very lovely she looked in her warm furs and little hat with its scarlet feather.

"What a large meet, Philip. Everybody is out. But the hounds are not come. Oh, I suppose Sir Horace is not in a hurry! He is letting the sun have a chance; the frost is not all gone yet."

"What—not going to ride, Lady L'Estrange?" half a dozen voices chorused as husband and wife appeared on the field.

"Sir Philip says the ground is too hard," Lady L'Estrange answered.

"He is quite right too," declared the master, as he rode up at that minute. "I kept back the hounds, purposely, that the sun might have time to soften it a little."

"Oh, Philip, here comes Spruce and Firefly! How well they look! Which do you ride?" asked his wife, as the groom made his appearance with the two hunters.

"Well, I think the mare. Eh, old lady, what do you say?"—and Philip caressed the bright, arching neck, lovingly. "Just see to my spurs, James; and I think you may as well girth up a hole tighter."

The groom touched his hat, and, having obeyed his master's orders, remounted his while Philip rode back to Beryl and told her to be careful with the ponies, as they would be likely to pull hard when the hounds got away; and, with a "Good-bye, my pet; take care of yourself," he rode up to the covert.

It was a hard day for men and horses—three times they had found, and each time had lost their fox, the sharp east wind that had sprung up making the dogs wild and uncertain—just a day to make men cross and horses fretful and impatient, far worse than if there had been an actual blank.

Even Firefly, who was looked upon as the perfection of temper and training, began to fidget and take her fences hotly.

It was a large straggling covert they drew now; and the fox—"an old dog"—went away very soon.

The hounds seemed to settle down to their scent, and it looked like a good run.

They started over a large pasture-field, at the bottom of which a strong oak paling ran right across, with a deep ditch at the near side.

Philip drove the rowels home, and came at it racing.

It was his only chance.

But the mare sulked and fidgeted, changing her step as she came along, and, as she rose to the leap, her hind-leg slipped on the hard ground, she breasted the rail, and horse and rider rolled over into the next field.

It was not the first time that Philip had met with a bad fall; but somehow every one seemed to have a presentiment that the worst had happened on this occasion, for they pulled up almost to man, heedless of what became of the hounds.

Poor Firefly was stone-dead, with the bright glossy neck doubled in under her. Philip's face was ghastly white.

With great trouble they drew him gently from under the dead mare, and dashed some water in his face.

He opened his eyes slowly, and seemed to recognise them all, and looked up into the face of the huntsman who was supporting him.

"Ah, Harry," he said, "you always would have it I went too fast at timber! But the mare sulked a bit—I think that did it." His voice was so weak that they could hardly hear as he muttered, with long-drawn gasps between each word, "Beryl! Don't—tell—her!"

They raised him tenderly, and carried him to the home that he had left in the bloom of health so short a time before.

When passing the dead mare, he asked them to stop, and, reaching out his hand, caressed the poor bent neck.

"Poor old mare!" he murmured faintly. "It was not your fault. Good-bye. You always carried me well."

He did not speak again until they reached the avenue gates of his own grand old home; then he gasped out—

"Oh, Heaven, what will Beryl do?"

Sir Horace Berkfert, the master of the hounds, was holding his hand, and quietly pressed it.

"Your mother knows, Philip. She will tell her, my poor boy!"

Tears came into Sir Horace's eyes as he looked down on the noble form he feared might never rise again. He had known Philip L'Estrange from boyhood, and loved him as his own son.

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Lady L'Estrange met him at the door-step. It was pitiful to see the blanched face and trembling hands of the poor mother.

"My boy—my darling son! I knew this would come some day. Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed. "I can't tell Beryl!"

But there was no need, for, as she spoke, a slight figure brushed past, and knelt beside the still form.

For one moment Beryl gazed spell-bound at her husband—for he had fainted again—and then, without a word, she sank senseless to the ground.

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They laid Philip on his bed, and the doctors summoned shook their heads. Their skill could be of no avail, for Philip's back was broken, and in a few hours he would be no more.

Lockjaw had set in, and there was no hope.

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When Beryl awoke from her swoon, she insisted on going to Philip's room. She was quite calm now, and said that no one else should nurse her husband; she would be quite quiet and good, if they would let her in.

No one was brave enough to tell her the truth, the fearful verdict that they twain must part.

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Philip lay on his bed, panting painfully, with a dull glazed look in the hitherto bright eyes. Beryl leaned over him, her tears falling.

"Philip, my darling, oh that I could have borne this for you! But you'll get better soon, dear."

Sir Philip drew down her face that it might rest on his.

"Beryl—my—darling, it is nearly over! Don't cry, little wife; it is His will."

She did not scream; she did not turn faint; but her heart beat wildly with the sickness of despair.

"Beryl, He will comfort you; and, darling, we shall meet again—never to part more. It is very hard to leave you. My love, you have been all the world to me! Take care of poor mother and our little ones. You will not let them forget me?" he continued, so low that she could hardly hear the words.

"Oh, Philip, I can't let you go! Oh, merciful Heaven, spare him, spare me my darling!" she cried in her agony.

"Beryl, don't, my dearest. You will try to bear it for our children's sake;" and he drew her face down to his again.

The poor hands trembling with the death-throes held the golden head there that would never more lie on that broad breast and be sheltered from life's rough storms by that strong arm.

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Again she stood at the threshold; but, ah, how different was it all now! The bright shimmering satin was no longer there; the sombre weeds of widowhood had taken its place.

It was more than six months since her darling had been called home, but the sad haunting shadow of despair was still lurking in Beryl's eyes.

On this summer evening, as she stood watching her two little children playing up and down the broad gravelled sweep of St. Cuthbert's, their white frocks with the black ribbon ties and sashes recalled it all so freshly.

How could she live on like this—live this weary wretched life without his loving tender care?

Whithersoever she turned, whatever she did, she missed him.

And as she listened to the sweet summer sounds, the hum of bees and song of birds and the cuckoo's plaintive murmur coming with muffled note from some neighboring copse, she wondered how all went on just as if he were there still.

The sun had set; but a faint glow of rosy light still lingered behind the western hills, and above that the sky was of a tender green that melted into soft summer-evening gray, with here and there a brighter hue, like the flecks of color in an opal, and the wind came in softly at the old doors and windows.

The stars began peeping forth one by one, trembling and faint, brightening as the gloaming deepened; and, as Beryl gazed, a strange sweet peace came for the first time to her sore rebellious heart.

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St. Cuthbert's again, and summer-time. The old place looked grayer and more ivy-grown than of yore.

And well it might, for eighteen years had come and gone since that soft summer twilight when the heart of Beryl, Lady L'Estrange had been almost broken.

She sat now on one of the rustic seats in the rose-garden of the old place, a tall fair middle-aged woman, with a sweet sad face and masses of golden wavy hair caught back beneath her widow's cap.

A fair young girl sat at her feet, with a mass of hothouse and garden flowers lying round her, which she was weaving and winding with delicate artistic skill into wreaths and bouquets.

She had the same golden wavy hair and dark shadowy eyes as her mother; and, as she now and then glanced up into her face, calling on her, with a merry smile, to work faster, one could see the great likeness between the two.

"My darling, I'm not in a working mood to-day. I am thinking how pleased your dear father would have been to see our dear boy's coming of age."

The girl dropped her flowers, and, kneeling, she clasped her mother's hands and looked into her eyes.

"Mother, don't you think he does see us?" she said.

"I don't know, my child; but I am content, Kathleen. I have you and Guy,

darling; and what more do I want? See—here he comes!"

Well might Lady L'Estrange be proud of her boy—so like his father—a tall, well-built young fellow, with a dark complexion, regular features, and bright gray eyes!

He had a frank friendly smile; and, as he came up with his gun on his shoulder and his dogs at heel, he was as fair a specimen of early manhood as could be met with in all the land.

"Well, mother," he said gaily, stooping to kiss Lady L'Estrange's fair brow—"preparing for my spin to-morrow? You're taking too much trouble."

"Trouble, Guy? Pr'ythee, my son—it is for you, dear! Have you had good sport?"

"Pretty fair, mother, but I am going to stop with you and Kathleen now, and see if I can't make some of those things" pointing to the wreaths.

Thus she led her bright boy up, loving and respecting her slightest wish, and her boy gave proof of his affectionate father's upright nature.

His coming of age would be on the morrow, and there was to be a grand ball at St. Cuthbert's in honor of the occasion.

If Beryl's thoughts sometimes turned with a fond lingering regret to the past, she had gained peace and happiness in the present and hope for the future.

His Rival.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

DANTON! Robespierre!! Marat!!! Those terror-striking names of a terrible epoch!

Amidst the bloody scenes of the Revolution in France, in 1793, in one of the most obscure, quiet quarters of Paris, and in a dwelling much dilapidated by age and neglect, lived—or, rather, secreted themselves from the brutal rioters, afraid for their lives—a widowed lady of some fifty years of age, and an extremely pretty daughter of nineteen.

Madame Lefebre was a woman of cultivated tastes; and, since her husband's death, had enjoyed the acquaintance of some of the most noted literary men of the city; hence her daughter, Hortense Lefebre, had received an excellent education, and, in short, was as accomplished and beautiful as any young lady of the time would desire to be.

A young officer of the Guard, an old friend, or son of an old friend, of Madame Lefebre, had paid the girl marked attention for a considerable period.

Leon Valadi, the young captain referred to, had served a short campaign on the frontier, under the gallant Kellerman, and was a Monarchist of loyal fidelity.

When the great cry of "Down with the Veto!" or "Death to the King!" "To arms!" and "*Ça ira!*" went up from the fiery throats of the fierce, bloodthirsty revolutionists, and the terrible, warlike "Marseillaise" rang upon the air, heavy with big events "casting their shadows before," Leon, well known as a staunch and faithful soldier of Louis XVI., had to seek safety in flight. To whom could he go but to the widow of his father's old friend, M. Lefebre?

Thither he went; and through the awful scenes of the "Reign of Terror" to the time we write of he had hitherto kept his head on his shoulders.

Frequently had Leon declared to the pure-minded Hortense his passion; and, perhaps without the girl well knowing why, he had been refused.

At midnight, following a beautiful day in July of the year mentioned, the report of fire-arms, loud shouts, and other disturbing noises rapidly approaching this hitherto quiet quarter, went up wildly from the terrible mob, drunk with excitement and rapine.

The inmates of the house were aroused in terror and dismay when they heard these disquieting sounds.

Poor Madame Lefebre and her daughter expected nothing less than discovery and death.

Leon's first thought was to arm himself with sword and pistol, and go to the door leading to the street.

This he had no sooner done than he thought he heard a shuffling of feet upon the doorstep.

He listened cautiously for a moment, and, the mob being some distance along the Rue St. Antoine, he heard a muttered "Mon Dieu—par ou!"

Assured that some poor victim of the Revolution was in sore distress, and in danger of falling into their hands, Leon unlistened the door and warily peeped out.

Closely crouched against the entrance he saw the figure of a young civilian, who was looking anxiously along the thoroughfare in the direction of the Republicans.

The refugee could even hear their shouts of baffled rage as they carefully searched every nook and corner upon their way.

Leon touched the arm of the bewildered stranger, who turned quickly at the unexpected diversion, as his mind seemed entirely directed to his pursuers, not knowing whether to remain or to fly again.

He was assured by Valadi, speaking quickly but decisively, that to save his life he must enter the house with him.

A loud, wild cry from the mob hastened his resolve, and, without a word, the scared stranger was pulled into the house by his unknown friend.

The door was securely fastened, and they listened anxiously for the rabble, who were now at no great hand.

"He is somewhere here about!"

"Bah! To lose the *grand seigneur* after this long pursuit!"

"Diable! I could swear I saw him disappear near this!" and similar expressions came from a hundred tips, all conveying to the two men secreted a horrible knowledge that, if given into the hands of those infuriated *canaille*, their lives would not be worth an hour's purchase.

After a parley of some minutes between the leaders of the party, a stern, authoritative voice gave the command—

"Allons! Messieurs, depechez-vous!"

They seemed undecided. Cries of "Allez a droite!" "A gauche!" and other suggestions were advanced. Nothing but disorder prevailed.

The same voice as before commanded them to "Advance!"

Without another word the party moved forward.

With a sigh of intense relief the stranger followed Leon into the apartment where the family generally lived.

After reviving his guest with a dash of wine, the captain was curious to hear the story of the night's adventures.

When the young fellow was sufficiently recovered, he gladly told to the astonished Valadi his escape from the Parisian Jacobins.

In his own words we give the narrative.

"My father was an Englishman, and became a Frenchman seven years ago. He was very wealthy, and had many friends in the Faubourg St. Germain.

"This was sufficient to make him an 'object' for the people of Robespierre.

"Further, he had upon one occasion, in a furious passion, struck Marat; and from that day he was a marked man for the guillotine.

"During one of the raids upon the 'Aristocratic Quarter' my father was captured, along with the Duc de Clarion, and I, in following the tumbril, narrowly escaped arrest. However, I contrived to escape.

"In disguise I saw the 'knife' descend upon the neck of my dear parent, and, in a frenzy of grief and excitement, I cried out, 'Sacrepaus! Villains! Murderers!' and fired madly upon them with the weapon I carried, killing or maiming more than one, then cut my way out of the ruffian horde with my sword, and ran for life, with the cruel hounds after me. To tell the truth, I had given myself up for lost when your timely assistance saved me. But assuredly, if seen, I shall be slain. I am not a coward, but I'd rather face a company of wild beasts than you wolves of the triumvirate."

"I am sure," replied Leon, "that here you will be heartily welcome. Come, I will show you a secure resting-place and trust you will have a few hours quiet and sleep."

Arthur Rathbone was a young Englishman of much intelligence and personal appearance, and a most happy disposition, which gained for him the esteem and love of all who knew him.

When he was introduced to Madame Lefebre and Hortense, he looked so self-possessed and honest that they liked him extremely from the first.

Captain Leon Valadi was not best pleased at the favorable impression he had made upon the beautiful Mademoiselle Lefebre, but, with perfect good taste, never showed it.

Days went by, and in the meantime the deadly guillotine was carrying out its ghastly work.

Charlotte Corday had plunged her dagger into the breast of the brutal, hideous Marat; but Danton and Robespierre still lived, and the "Reign of Terror" was terrible as ever.

Hortense Lefebre was a skilful performer upon the harpsichord, and Arthur Rathbone possessing a good voice, they spent many happy hours together, and, to cut a long story short, they fell in love—a love pure and happy and true.

During one of their pleasant hours at the shrine of music, their attachment was declared by one, and blushingly accepted by the other, and both, from that time, were supremely happy.

The gallant captain, though grieved at the loss of the girl he loved best, bore the matter as bravely as the good and generous always do.

An unhappy incident now befell the whole family.

Arthur was looking out of the window a few days after his favorable love-suit, quite oblivious to anything or everything in his then frame of mind, but by accident casting his eyes over the street, he perceived a man suspiciously watching him from the opposite side.

For a moment he could not determine what to do. Upon a long consideration, however, he resolved to state the matter fully to Valadi, but keep it a secret from the ladies.

The two had remained unable to solve the difficulty until near midnight, when a loud knocking at the door filled them with consternation. What was to be done?

"*Mon Dieu!* we are lost!" cried Leon: and, advancing, he cried, "*Qui frappe?*"

"Open the door, quick! We seek a person concealed in this house. Open quickly, monsieur."

A look of pain crossed the pale features of the Englishman, but he quietly said to his friend.

"Retire, dear Leon; they will not know that any but I answered them. Save yourself for the sake of our friends. Good-bye! good-bye."

"Farewell! but I will attempt a rescue if I die for it," replied Leon.

Arthur opened the door and stood erect before the mob. They longed to be his slayers. They seized him roughly.

"This is he. Which way, mon Commandant?" said one.

"To the knife! to the guillotine!" said many more.

He was hurled along by the brutal horde in the sacred name of liberty.

"Ah! ah! Anglais; we have thee now." "What a beautifully small neck for the guillotine!" "Vive la Republic!" and other wild shouts, with the chanting of the "Marseillaise," made a scene perfectly distracting to the poor prisoner.

The shock to Madame Lefebre and Hortense was severe indeed; the latter seemed beyond consolation.

Lately so happy, now so thoroughly miserable. As for Leon Valadi, he boiled—actually boiled—with indignation and desire for vengeance.

"Now to act," said he.

Disguising himself as much as possible, he determined to follow the procession. It being near midnight, and the rabble gone, the neighborhood was impressively quiet after the late tumult.

Taking his pistols, well charged, and his sword ready for use, he set out with the prayers of the two poor women attending him.

As he approached the terrible Rue Royale, near which the guillotine carried on its fiendish work, and had slain over a thousand persons since its removal from the Place Louis XV., he heard the wild ravings of the exultant horde as they crowded into the "Place" with their fresh victim.

Moving nearer, he saw what he desired, yet dreaded to see; he saw Arthur Rathbone, with agonised eyes, looking straight towards himself.

Leon had lost all hope of gaining Hortense Lefebre through the Englishman, but he was too generous—and, indeed, loved his rival too much—to show the slightest meanness to him in his terrible position.

He could bear no more.

With a wild cry he rushed towards his friend, firing both pistols and laying on heavily with his sword.

He caused a momentary sensation in the midst of the sensual brutes, and they made way for him perforce; he thus reached the rival of his love.

"'Quick' 'Follow me,' was all he said, and by sheer strength and swiftness cut his passage back again.

Arthur followed him closely. When just on the margin of the crowd, a heavy instrument struck the gallant guardsman upon the temple.

Rendered unsteady and dazed by the sudden blow, he staggered, and seemed likely to sink down.

The sharp rallying words of Arthur spurred him on yet again, and the two ran for dear life along the Rue Royale towards the Faubourg St. Antoine with a yelling multitude at their heels, when, swift as eagles, the passage to the pursuers was cut off by the newly-created enemies of Robespierre—in fact, the "monster of blood" was himself a prisoner, and travelling to the Convention, which sentenced him to die by his much-beloved guillotine the following day, and on the tenth of Thermidor, Robespierre and the "Reign of Terror" had ended their career.

Welcomed with glad hearts and open arms, Valadi and Rathbone met Madame and her daughter in their home.

Political Paris was toning down after its mad and bloody frolic.

Arthur gained the hand of his love. They were shortly afterwards married, and with Madame Lefebre arrived safely in England.

They lived a happy life henceforward in the quiet, pretty county of Devon.

The two friends parted with mutual regret, and never met again.

The noble Leon Valadi fell in one of the sanguinary wars of Napoleon I., after a brave and generous service under the French tricolor.

EATING A CALF.—Somewhere in the neighborhood of Aylsham, Eng., lived a certain Jerry Eke, whose appetite was said to be superhuman, and whose prowess at harvest-suppers was the boast and wonder and envy of the villagers round. It came to pass that at a farmers' market-dinner the talk turned upon Mr. Eke's performances, when some one present protested that what had been narrated was impossible.

"Impossible!" said another. "I'll bet you five pounds Jerry Eke will eat a calf at a sitting!"

The wager was taken, and the preliminaries were arranged.

The calf was killed, the bones were cut out, the flesh was chopped into minute particles and apportioned into seventeen enormous pasties, the outer crust of which was a thin film of batter, made lovely and tempting to every sense, but carefully kept from any ingredients that could cloy the palate.

Jerry was called in, he having agreed to the wager with evident delight, and was told he might fall to.

He did so, and steadily gorged. He had made no difficulty of the first nine pasties; but when a tenth was brought in he seemed to flag.

To the horror of his backers, he sighed and looked perplexed. It was but for a moment: he desired only to expostulate.

"I say, mas'r, I ain't got nuthin' to say agin them boys—I lik 'em amazin'; but I'm a-thinkin' et's about time as I should begin upon that ther calf!"

THERE are 4,500 teachers employed in the public schools of New York City.

"You can't come it," said a customer to a druggist who endeavored to palm off his own mixture when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup was asked for, and Bull's he got. Price 25 cents a bottle.

HORSE SHOES.

NOW that the horseshoe, as a pretty symbol of good luck, forms so much a part of household decoration, it may not be amiss to say a word about its significance in the olden times.

The horse shoe was anciently believed to be an effectual protection against witchcraft and witches, who could no more overcome the sanctity of its semi-circular form than they could the movement of a stream which even the most powerful could not cross, if in the shape of a running brook, as witness the race of Tam O'Shanter, who, pursued by them, passed the keystone of the bridge himself, while the tail of his good mare, on the wrong side thereof, became the prey of the pursuing warlocks.

We have seen the horseshoe nailed to the lintel of barns and masts of vessels, for a witch, mounted on her broomstick, might take it into her head to descend upon some unlucky craft, or she might call up the surging waves to engulf it, unless it were protected by this holy symbol.

For a horse to cast a shoe was a bad omen when a gallant knight was about to start upon some expedition, hence, if a horse stumbled, which he would be sure to do if imperfectly shod, was unlucky.

We do not in our day believe much in witches or "bad signs," but everybody is pleased with the good luck implied in the finding of a horseshoe.

By an old Norman custom which has been preserved to the present, the venerable castle at Oakham is plentifully bedecked with horseshoes.

The Lords de Freres were in olden time entitled to demand from every baron on his first passing through the town a shoe from off one of his horse's feet.

There are several shoes over two hundred years old, the most notable being one given by Queen Elizabeth, one by George IV., and one by Queen Victoria.

The Princess of Wales recently visited the town, and, in conformity with the custom, a gilt shoe, with her name inscribed on it, will be fastened to the castle wall.

In our day it is not much to give a gilded horseshoe, as did the Princess of Wales, but it was a serious thing to an old knight, who giving direct from his horse's feet, parted with his good luck.

THE BLOOD ROYAL.—Even the blood royal has had no exemption from that terrible disease, leprosy. King John, of Great Britain, had a son who died from it, and it was even in the blood of Baldwin IV., from whom descended the Plantagenets. In [illegible] he was yet a minor, and in the strength of boyhood, "swallowing many a bitter pang with a smiling face," the disease had so ravaged his constitution that at the age of 25 he was compelled to surrender his crown, and died two years later. King Robert Bruce is shown to have been another royal leper, as is proved by the testimony of many ancient historians.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

A few years ago the health of Mrs. Livermore became so impaired that she was forced to retire from the lecture field. How and by what means she was restored to health is related in an interesting letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, dated Feb. 1, 1881. From this letter we make the following extract:

"Four years ago this spring, at the end of a very severe and exhaustive winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My superb constitution had hitherto carried me triumphantly through every task I had imposed on myself. But I was now completely prostrated, with no power of recuperation. I could sleep but two or three hours of the twenty-four, and then only in a semi-sitting position, because of a difficulty of breathing—suffered excruciatingly from sciatica and neuralgia of the stomach—experienced the torment of indigestion, [illegible] so that [illegible] was a burden. I [illegible] was a source of great discomfort, although I knew [illegible] My mental depression was as severe as my physical prostration. I believed the hopeless invalidism, which I had dreaded, had come to me, and my chief aim was to hide myself from friends and acquaintances who were afflicted on my account.

"My physician recommended a trip to Europe. The change brought no radical improvement. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen, and were enthusiastic in its praises.

"My husband immediately ordered a Home Treatment. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions, before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health and youthful vigor. I resumed work immediately, and have assiduously followed the most laborious vocation ever since, although long past the time of life when it is considered safe to toil severely and unremittingly."

In another letter Mrs. Livermore says: "I have always and everywhere proclaimed the excellence of the Compound Oxygen. I could not live without it, unless I abandoned all my work and simply existed, and I would rather die than do that."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, [illegible], and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

Our Young Folks.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY E. W. P.

MILES and miles away in the country, where not even a train ever came, lived a family of children, of whom the eldest was a big lad of eighteen, the youngest a little thing of five.

They led a peaceful, happy life among the fields and lanes and wild flowers, yet, like many others, they took but little heed of the beauties around, and some of them at least spent a great deal of time in sighing for things they had not got.

Jennie, the oldest girl, had a great deal to do with that.

She had a habit of fancying every one more fortunate and happier than herself. She was always wishing for some impossible thing.

If by any chance one of her wishes were gratified, she was always disappointed [illegible] began to want something else.

[illegible] children had often heard [illegible] about a wonderful place called London.

Jennie, who was a very kind sister, was always talking to them about it, and the wonderful stories she told them made them long to see this enchanted city.

That, indeed, was one of Jennie's unfulfilled longings.

She had read a great deal, and imagined a great deal more, till she set all the children longing too.

Their big brother Donald heard Phyllis and Effie talking together one day, and he burst in upon them with a laugh, and told them that all the houses were palaces and the streets paved with gold, that marble fountains played in them, and that golden carriages drawn by milk-white steeds rolled incessantly along; that trains rushed in every direction, and that if you just stepped inside one it would take you anywhere, like a flash of lightning; that there was a church so high that you could not see the roof, and a needle so big that twenty men could not lift it.

Then Donald went away laughing, and the children held their breath with wonder, and agreed that they should never be happy till they had seen this fairyland.

Not very long after their mother came down to breakfast with red eyes, and their father looked grave.

They knew something was the matter, and sat waiting in sorrowful dread.

"Children," said their mother, with a shaky voice, "you will have to leave this beautiful, peaceful home. You must say good-bye to all your pets, for soon, very soon, we must leave them all. You must be good children and not fret; but oh! it is very sad. Father is obliged to go and live in London."

How strange!

A ray of sunshine seemed to [illegible] round the table, changing [illegible] into eager excitement.

Phyllis clapped her hands. "London, mamma? Oh, how lovely!"

The mother sighed, and said, "Well darlings, I am glad you take it so well; but I am afraid it will be a long time before you feel as happy as we are in this dear old home."

At last came the morning when they were to start.

[illegible] were wild with delight, and thought it splendid to ride [illegible] first.

But when the train with a scream flew into a dark tunnel, several hearts beat very wildly, and several little faces would have looked white enough, could they have been seen.

At last several lamps began to shine, and a good many [illegible] but it [illegible] several hearts could not for a while have owned that they were not enjoying [illegible]

And when the enchanted city was reached, it was dark, and they saw nothing but a confused medley of lights and figures, and were [illegible] with big others all over them.

Then they were jolted through some noisy, busy street, and were at length deposited safely in the house where they were to lodge until their new home was ready.

There was a cab [illegible] outside while they were at tea, but Phyllis and Effie wondered what could be the matter that they saw that their father and mother did not seem in the least annoyed at it.

When they went to bed, it was a long time before they could go to sleep.

But being very tired, they did manage it, though they dreamed very queer things about a great many people, and horses and carts tumbling on the top of each other, with a noise like thunder.

The next morning, when they were having breakfast in a dark little parlor, their father said to their mother,

"You and I must go and look out to-day." And to Donald he said,

"You may take your two sisters for a walk on the Embankment, and show them the river and the Temple and Cleopatra's Needle, but be very careful to cross [illegible] and ask a policeman when you don't know the way. Phyllis and Effie must stay at home, and I must be answered with their [illegible] questions."

At this Phyllis felt greatly injured. But she said nothing for she knew she must [illegible] obey.

Their mother went and fetched them some pretty hats and [illegible] and when she went out charged Martha, their little attendant, to do her best to amuse them. But Phyllis was not in a mood to be amused.

"Martha," she said, "we shall be in here! Let's go to the garden."

"Oh, miss! there isn't such a thing."

Then Phyllis went and looked out [illegible]

window, but the air was so thick that she could see nothing but a few chimney-pots, and people moving like shadows in the street below.

Phyllis soon grew tired of the window. She wondered very much what Donald and her sisters were seeing, and how far off London was.

"Martha," she said presently, "we must go for a walk; of course we must. We always do at home."

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Martha, with something like a sniff, "I wouldn't do it for worlds. I'd lose my way for certain, and be run over in this dirty, foggy place."

"Why, you've only got to be careful of the crossings, and ask a policeman the way," Phyllis replied crossly; "and it is so dull here."

The morning dragged on.

At last Martha went downstairs to the kitchen to see about something, but when it was seen about she could not refrain from having a gossip with the landlady's servant, never dreaming that the children could get into mischief; but they did.

[illegible] she had gone, Phyllis thought she would take just a peep out of doors.

The enchanted city, with its streets of gold an I untold marvels, could not be far off. She would try to get just one glimpse.

In a moment she had fetched their hats and jackets, popped them on, and was leading her little sister downstairs.

It happened that the outer door was open so she slipped into the street unobserved.

Phyllis ran quickly along, and soon came to a turning. Just at this moment a gleam of sunshine shone out, dispersing the murky haze.

"Ah!" thought Phyllis, "this is the right way. I know we shall see some of the beautiful sights presently."

So she dragged Effie along as quickly as she could.

Sometimes people bumped against them, and frightened them very much; but Phyllis soon saw they meant no harm, so she kept on.

Presently they turned into a broad street, where there were, oh! such numbers of people, walking so fast, and the road was full of carriages and horses and wagons, and the noise was just deafening.

Phyllis pulled Effie into a doorway, and thought she would wait till the people had passed, but she waited and waited, and still they kept on coming backwards and forwards, just for all the world like a number of busy ants swarming about an ant-hill.

There was no end to them. They hustled and jostled, and ran and pushed, and talked till Phyllis was utterly bewildered, and said to herself she had better go back again.

But where was the turning?

It had gone. She could not see it. She peered out of her retreat.

The street, the people, everything was hidden, except just close at hand.

They were enveloped in a thick, dark, steamy cloud, which covered all, except the [illegible]

Phyllis ran first this way, then that, trying in vain to find the turnings.

Effie grew frightened, and began to cry, which attracted the notice of a policeman.

Phyllis remembered what her father had said to Donald, so she asked,

"Please will you show us the home?"

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"I don't know the name," Phyllis faltered; "it's in a street full of houses, joined on to each other all in a row, and no garden."

"Well, that isn't much help," he replied, kindly; "where might you be going to?"

"We were trying to find London," Phyllis said.

"Trying to find it; this is London."

"Oh, no!" Phyllis cried, eagerly; "I mean the golden streets, and the fountains, and the palaces, and the trains, and the church you can't see the roof of, and the needle twenty men can't lift, and the golden carriages, and——"

The man burst into such a laugh that Phyllis stopped short, and stared at him angrily.

"My big brothers and sisters have gone to look at it. They are doing it now," Phyllis added.

The policeman paused a moment, and then he said

"Well, look here. That needle ain't so far off, I'll tell you, for I've seen it, and you may see your brothers and sisters [illegible] if you're good children."

So he took them each by a hand, and trotted them along through the fog.

It was an alarming journey, although the policeman was kind, and Phyllis felt sure there was no other way of them getting home.

When he took them across those dreadful streets, Effie in one arm, Phyllis hanging on to his other hand, Phyllis shut her eyes in terror.

But presently they got away from this confusion into a broad paved place, with trees to be seen here and there.

That was much nicer. Their kind companion told Phyllis to look out for her friends.

"There's the needle," he said, all of a sudden.

Phyllis looked up, and saw a great stone column before them.

"But it's a needle I mean," Phyllis explained, "something you work with. That isn't a needle."

"Well, I don't know whether a giant ever worked with it," the policeman said, with a genial smile; "anyhow, that's what they call the needle. It's come a long way to [illegible] but I reckon she didn't make her [illegible] with it."

Phyllis looked at it with a very great feeling of disappointment.

She didn't think it looked nice at all.

"I seen other things you talked of, too," said the policeman, "there's most everything to be found in London; but not quite that neither. The church comes the highest."

Phyllis uttered a cry of joy, and darted [illegible] opposite her stood Donald, Jennie, and Grace.

"Phyllis, you naughty, naughty child! what is the matter? and Effie too! Why, what does it mean?" Jennie cried.

"They were pretty nigh to being lost, miss," the policeman said, gravely. "'Tis a good thing you happened to come this way."

Donald thanked the man very heartily, and took charge of the children. He had not the heart to scold them yet.

Phyllis walked home with a heart full of tumult.

Directly she was safe indoors she burst out crying, and said,

"I do not like London; it is a horrid, dreadful, ugly place, and no beautiful things at all; and, oh, I do want to go home!"

"Be quiet, little stupid!" Jennie said, shortly, giving her a push and a shake.

"It's horrible," persisted Phyllis. "We can't live here. We must go home."

[illegible] Jennie threw herself down on a chair by the bedside, and began to cry too.

"It isn't half as bad for you, Phyllis, as it is for me," she cried, crossly; "and we can't go back. We must live in one of these pokey, dingy houses for ever and ever. If only I'd known what it was like!"

By-and-by their mother came home [illegible] was amazed to see the change that had come over the children.

Still, she was able to console them a little [illegible] that [illegible] was going [illegible] and [illegible] by the quiet [illegible], with the garden [illegible] at their [illegible] to wear out of [illegible]

[illegible] They must learn to be cheerful and content.

What a hard lesson it was at first! but dear me, after a while the children grew quite happy, although they never found the enchanted city.

Bat-by found something better, after a short time, and that was a kind, bright, happy, cheerful home, and that is what can make any spot in the world beautiful, while without it, even an enchanted city would be but drear and lonely.

No wonder Phyllis and Jennie felt miserable during those first days in London. Their parents were feeling it much more keenly, though they said nothing.

Dear children, can you see what I mean by this little story?

If you have a good, kind home, try to be very happy in it, for the time may come when you would give anything you possessed to be back in it—"Home, Sweet Home."

MEMORABLE DREAMS.—That dreams have been employed by the Almighty for the conveyance of instruction to mankind is indisputable, from the pages of sacred writ.

Many, too, have been recorded by Greek and Latin historians, some of them, no doubt, apocryphal. Of the following examples our readers may believe as many or as few as they choose.

Cræsus dreamed that his accomplished son Atys was transfixed by a javelin, headed with iron. He did all in his power to prevent it by removing him from the command of the Lydian forces; but his precautions were of no avail. Atys was killed accidentally by the javelin of an attendant whilst hunting the wild boar.

Justus, a Roman patrician, dreamed that the purple veiled from his sight. He told his dream to the Emperor, who, from jealousy, put him to death; but Justus's daughter, a handsome girl, was appointed attendant to Severa Augusta.

Shortly after, she was seen by Valentinian, and so engaged his affections that he married her, having obtained a special law for the purpose, and made her joint-partner of the empire with his empress.

Cicero, during his flight from Rome, imagined he beheld in his sleep Caius Marius, preceded by the fasces bound with laurel, who condoled with him on account of his being obliged to leave the country, and consigned him to the care of a Lictor, who was instructed to place him on the monument of Marius, where, it is said, were the hopes of a better fortune.

Nallus, on hearing the dream, is said to have foretold the speedy return of Cicero and downfall of Marius.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian are each declared to have foreboded in their dreams the indignation of the gods, which was manifested in their several fates.

According to Xenophon, a form appeared to Cyrus in his sleep, directing him to prepare for death.

In the full persuasion that the dream was a divine warning, Cyrus is stated to have performed sacrifices to Jupiter, the Sun, and other gods, according to the Persian custom, and to have returned his thanksgiving for the blessing vouchsafed to him. Three days afterwards, he expired.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

LOVE in a cottage is said to exist nowhere but in novels; that, however, is pure nonsense.

It is one of the misfortunes of our higher state of civilisation, our higher education, enlarged tastes, and so forth, that the path in life for young men and maidens of the middle ranks of life, to those who belong to the professional classes especially, has become exceeding y hard.

Competition in all the professions, and indeed in business too, has become so keen that it is next to impossible for a young man to earn eight hundred year till he is well over thirty, or a thousand a year till he is past forty.

And eight hundred a year means a cottage, or rather a small, pretentious, and yet slubby house, with twelve feet by sixteen of garden in front, and five yards by thirty of dismal inclosure behind.

To a bachelor, on the other hand, eight hundred a year is wealth. It means comfortable, even elegant rooms, a club subscription, the power of paying visits and mingling freely in the society which he prefers, besides the power of laying by something against the rainy day.

If he marries on that income, disguise the truth as he may, all these comforts disappear. His next-door neighbors will be people respectable enough, but incapable of affording him any relief or amusement by their society.

Books, indeed, and an occasional concert, may be had, but the club must be abandoned, and with it not only some luxuries, but the companionship of men of his own class, which is, after all, the chief means of enlarging one's knowledge and views of life, and of keeping one from sinking into a slough of petty cares and self-centred thoughts.

The man who proposes to marry on a small income ought, by way of testing himself, to take dingy rooms in a small house for six months, to accustom himself to crying children, to dine habitually off cold roast mutton and lukewarm potatoes, to abjure cabs, theatres and cigars, and then ask himself seriously at the end of the half-year whether he is will to live that sort of a life for the sake of the girl he loves.

He may be sure of this, that if he is not capable of enduring it while the romance of courtship lasts, he is not likely to enjoy it more in the sober everyday light of married life.

And, having made trial of the life of a poor man, our intending bridegroom would do well to consider whether the young lady who has charmed him is exactly the sort of a girl to be happy in the dull life of a third-rate suburb, and the narrow rooms of a [illegible]

Can she give up, not necessarily her [illegible] but all the little elegancies which have come so much to make her what she is? Can she give help, not occasional assistance, but regular, effectual aid in the kitchen and the nursery?

If she ready to spend her afternoons darning stockings or cutting out children's clothes, instead of going to a tennis court or a picnic?

Can she give up not only her accustomed style of dressing, but her friends? for she will find it practically impossible to keep up acquaintanceship with those whose way of living is totally different from her own?

And yet, in spite of all, nature is stronger than prudence; love laughs at poverty as he laughs at locksmiths.

All the wisdom in the world will not hinder the human heart from loving the loveable, and when love fills the heart it will find expression somehow. If the love is returned the end is certain, and love in a cottage is the inevitable result.

There can be no doubt that if the hard fight with poverty and with the personal deterioration which poverty too often brings in its train can be successfully [illegible] a speedy marriage is better than a long engagement.

Nothing in a prosperous existence can give the sweet sense of comradeship, of trust in each other, which they who have weathered the storm can enjoy.

The harder the fight the closer will true hearts be drawn together.

The love that flies out at the window at the wolf's snarl must have been but a weakling from the first.

All we contend for is, that young people [illegible] to [illegible] before [illegible] fully realising what it means, [illegible] grasping at the [illegible] which they propose to enter.

They can then judge whether their love and their courage are equal to the task demanded of them.

[illegible] deeds of good and dutiful intentions, [illegible] to the defeat of [illegible], [illegible] regret and repentance in [illegible] probably than any other [illegible] causes.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via [illegible] by taking the 4th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. [illegible] Horse Cars [illegible] by the Hotel [illegible]

TWO KISSES.

BY M. E. W.

Two kisses, darling, stand out clear as fire
Through all the gladness of our wedded life;
Each perfect as a shrine of holy love,
Each pressed on thy dear lips, most precious wife.

The first was snatched from ruby lips that glowed,
As conscious of their beauty, on that morn
When thy low "Yes" had crowned my ardent prayers
And taught me unto what bliss I was born.

The rising sun shone on us bright and fair,
And as its beauty mirrored in thine eyes,
I took my kiss, and with it, at thy touch,
Entered that moment into Paradise!

The second—ah! the agony of love
With which I gave that kiss with bated breath,
I held thee in my arms all fragile, weak,
As given back from out the jaws of Death;

And then I kissed thee. And the setting sun
Shone on the pallid lips that clung to mine
(Drawing in strength by force of my strong love),
And cast a halo round thee, half divine.

Those kisses mark the eras in my life:
Both born of love, and that love born of thee,
Both gilded by the sunshine sent from God,
Are sacred both, enshrined in memory!

BEAUTY SPOTS.

BY this name were designated certain black patches which were placed upon their features by the belles of the seventeenth century and early in the eighteenth. Usually a black patch of court plaster was cut out, and stuck on any portion of the countenance, either to hide a blemish, to divert attention from certain details considered objectionable, or to fix the eye upon some point which the wearer wished to be particularly noticed.

Most writers on dress and manners have more or less to say about the patch, or beauty spot, and, of course, allusions to it are frequent in the pages of the poets, dramatists, satirists, and moralists.

From all these an entertaining collection could be made of passages bearing upon the subject, and perhaps the following specimens may not be useless. The four first will be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and the remainder are from a variety of sources, which have been carefully indicated:

The poet Cleveland says:

> Then Madame Nature wears black patches, too.

Sir John Suckling writes:

> If to every common funeral
> Your eyes martyred, such grace were allowed,
> Your face would wear, not patches, but a cloud.

Pope makes one of his ladies say:

> This the morning omens seemed to tell,
> Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell.

The patch-box was almost like a snuff box, and often had a small mirror inside the lid for use where alterations and additions were required, and so forth.

Addison, when speaking of certain lady partizans, says: "They patched differently and cast hostile glances upon one another, and their patches were placed in different situations as party signals to distinguish friends from foes."

Dr. Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, tells us that "the Whig belles wore patches of court plaster on the right, and the Tories on the left side of their faces or foreheads."

Ordinary writers on the subject follow one another so closely that a quotation from a book which is now but little known may furnish an agreeable variation. Mrs. Hannah Woolley has a long tirade against patches in "The Gentlewoman's Companion; or, a Guide to the Female Sex." The whole of the passage cannot be given here, so we will content ourselves with citing the essential portions of it. Mrs. Woolley says:

"I know not how to excuse the vain custom, now so much in fashion, to deform the face with black patches under a pretence to make it more beautiful. It is a riddle to me that a blemish should appear a grace, a deformity be esteemed a beauty. I am confident were any of them born with those half moons, stars, coaches, and horses, and such like trumpery, by which a lady becomes a stranger to herself as well as others, she would give more money to be freed from them than a seven years costly expense in following the fashion would amount to."

And again:

"I cannot imagine whence our ladies borrowed that monstrous and prodigious custom of patching their faces; if they did borrow it from the French, they will do ill to imitate such who, it may be, made use of the fashion out of pure necessity, and not novelty."

She goes on to suggest pimples, etc., and then proceeds:

"By the impertinent pains of this face-spoiling-mender the Exchanges (for we have three great arsenals of choice varieties) are furnished with a daily supply and variety of beauty spots, and these patches are cut into little moons, suns, stars, castles, birds, beasts, and fishes of all sorts; so that their faces may properly be termed a landscape of living creatures. The vanity and pride of these gentlewomen hath in a manner abstracted Noah's ark, and expressed a compendium of creation in their front and cheeks."

The notion of a daily supply is amusing, and, as regards the patterns, it is evident that no pains were spared to diversify and multiply them.

Many other writers could be quoted, but for the most part they add little to the information afforded by Mrs. Woolley, so far as the ladies are concerned. Swift refers to the custom:

> We begged her but to patch her face,
> She never hit one proper place.

According to Addison, "Wherever you place a patch you destroy a beauty."

Butler's allusion in his Hudibras is well-know to the majority of readers:

> Black patches that she wears
> Cut into suns, and moons, and stars.

That patches were not unknown to Shakspeare, for gentlemen at least, is evident from his words in "All's Well," (iv., 5), as Clown says, "O, madam, yonder's my lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it or no the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet."

The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," makes a distinct statement on the subject. He says:

"Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck."

This is not quite satisfactory and probably Mr. Thomas Wright is more to be relied on when he intimates that the custom of patching was derived from France.

The theme is not uninteresting, and no doubt many of us, altering the meaning of one of his words, could say with Tennyson:

> And I have shadowed many a group
> Of beauties that were born
> In teacup times of hood and hoop,
> Or while the patch was worn.

Grains of Gold.

Hold integrity sacred.

Endure trials patiently.

Evil gotten, evil spent.

Think of ease, but work on.

Zealously labor for the right.

Yield not to discouragements.

Forgive any sooner than thyself.

Be not too hasty to out-bid another.

Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

Deeds are fruit, words are but leaves.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Crosses are ladders that lead to heaven.

Do what you ought let come what may.

Extend to every one a kindly salutation.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

If you wish good advice consult an old person.

He that will not be counseled cannot be helped

Be slow of giving advice, ready to do a service.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

There is one peculiar feature about a scandal. Every statement but the true one is readily accepted.

One of life's hardest lessons from the cradle to the grave is waiting. We send our ships out, but cannot patiently await their return.

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

Femininities.

King county, Washington Territory, has one woman Justice of the peace and one woman constable.

A Georgia girl announces that she will marry any nice young man who will take her to the New Orleans Exposition.

The best way to guarantee yourself against burglars is to have a pretty cook. The police will keep your house in view.

Dowager—"It's been the worst season I can remember, Sir James. All the men seem to have got married and none of the girls."

"A wonder," said a bonnie girl, "what our Jock sees in the lassies, that he likes them sae weel? For my part, I wouldna gie a lad for a' the lassies e'er saw."

Mistress (to amiable servant maid): "I am going to the theatre this evening, so I shall be home late." Amiable maid—"Oh, you needn't apologize to me for that."

"Oh, Professor!" exclaimed sentimental old Mrs. Fishwacker, during a private organ recital in her new music room, "do pull out that sweet nux vomica stop once more!"

Never trust a secret with a man who loves his wife, for he will tell his wife, she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody. That's about the way the thing works.

A New York paper suggests that while moralists are looking after the evils of easy divorce, they might justly pay some attention to the evils of easy marriage. The point is well taken.

There are plenty of good, but weak, woman in every community who'll work, and starve, and scrimp, in order to furnish their parlors, and then won't sit in them for fear of injuring the furniture.

A gentleman noticing that his wife's bonnets grew smaller and smaller, and the bills larger and larger, calmly said: "I suppose this thing will go on until the milliner will send nothing but the bill."

In spite of all the inventive genius of this country, no one has ever succeeded in making a sleeve-button that will permit a young man to hug his best girl without tearing a hole in her dress at the point where her backbone saws into his arm.

"Mamma," said a girl who had just commenced her lessons in geography, "whereabouts shall I find the state of matrimony?" "Oh," replied the mother, "you will find that to be one of the united states."

"Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" said one of Mrs. Clogger's female boarders, as she turned from the piano. "I like it very much," replied Jones, "particularly those long rests that occur through it."

A woman, whose son had been ruined by dissipation, was fined $2 in Hamilton, Ont., the other day, with the alternative of ten days in jail, because she knelt before a saloon and asked God to curse the liquor traffic.

A man who claims to have investigated the matter close, says that more than half of the ladies of this country believe that the protective tariff is something to prevent a moose from running under a woman's skirts.

"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railway car the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married forty years."

Don't marry a man that chews tobacco. The use of tobacco is a dirty and filthy habit, injurious to the health, and expensive. Only one passage in the Bible can be quoted in its favor: Let him that is filthy be filthy still.

A young lady in St. Louis recently doused a young man with a pailful of water while he was on his knees begging her to be his bride. Never get on your knees before a St. Louis girl. Grab her around the waist at once. It makes her mad to lose valuable time.

At a recent wedding, where the bride was very dilatory in arriving at the church, a lady remarked concerning the affair: "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here, when she has been waiting twenty years for just such a chance as this!"

"Ain't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. But why do you ask that, Daisy?" "Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife always kept you in hot water."

There is said to be a curious freak in fashion just now. Women, having exhausted birds and insects for ornaments, are now exploiting the reptile world to heighten their charms. Ornaments made of rattlesnake skins are in vogue, the rattles being used as earrings.

Doctor—"You see, wifey, dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all. A very critical case, I can tell you." His wife—"Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved."

Last Sunday an up-town lady appeared ready for church in a magnificent new silk dress. "Won't you feel uncomfortable in that dress at church?" asked her husband. "The weather is warm, and it seems to fit you very snugly." "I think not," she said. "No woman ever found a new silk dress uncomfortable in church."

A young man asked for the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated about replying, the young man said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, my dear sir, you will have to bate your breath with something besides high wines and Limburger cheese to catch me." Her head was level.

A lady of Washington county, N. J., is the mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, not long since, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen a few minutes, the little girl said: "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

News Notes.

Wolf hunts are the craze in parts of Minnesota.

The Standard Oil Company employs 23,000 men.

Maltese cats are to come in now in place of pug dogs.

A Rochester umbrella thief has been sent to jail for four months.

Venison was sold at two cents a pound in Boise City, Idaho, recently.

About 3,000,000,000 wooden toothpicks are annually made in this country.

Over 5,000 patents on churns have already been granted by the Government.

Large loose cloaks, easily put on and off, will be in high favor as the season advances.

Even toilets are worn with high or low bodices, according to the fancy of the wearer.

A pretty smoke-colored satin costume has a flight of swallows embroidered up the front.

Companies that insure the lives of children in England are becoming enormously wealthy.

A Buffalo man lately recovered his sight unexpectedly after having been blind for over fifty years.

It is estimated that the average cost to the people is five thousand dollars for each bill passed by Congress.

Amusement competition is so strong in Elmira, N.Y., that opera is run at from 50 to twenty-five cents.

Ten thousand dollars for hats have been taken in by four firms in Pittsburg for sales to pay election bets.

A fair quality of artificial stone is made of equal parts of lime and sand. It costs about the same as brick.

England has been having during the present winter one of the heaviest snows it has known for many years.

The total production of cigars in this country, as estimated by a manufacturer, is about 3,000,000,000 a year.

One hundred and one thousand oranges were borne this year by trees on one acre of land in Plant City, Florida.

The biggest goose ever raised in the West weighed 25 pounds, and grew to the usual toughness, in Sioux City, Iowa.

New Orleans has an ordinance making it compulsory upon restaurant-keepers to have written or printed bills of fare.

At a wedding in Gwinnett county, Ga., the other day, the bride was fourteen and the groom seventeen years of age.

Tobagganing, after the Canadian fashion, is to be introduced in some of the suburban towns of Massachusetts this winter.

A life insurance man made a calculation which shows that in 1933 there will be living 231 survivors of the war of the rebellion.

A crane capable of lifting 147 tons is in process of construction in Hamburg. It will be the largest machine of the kind in Europe.

Paper wheel-spokes are coming into use. The paper pulp is forced into iron moulds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens.

Judson W. Lyons, colored, has been admitted to the bar at Augusta, Ga. He is the third colored man thus admitted in that city since the war.

In one night, recently, between dark and ten o'clock, no less than seventy-five counterfeit dollars were passed on the drivers of a Brooklyn railway.

A large deer was killed the other evening near Moline, Nevada. It had become blinded or fascinated by the headlight, and was struck by the locomotive.

A syndicate has been formed to introduce the electric light into Peruvian cities. None of them except Lima and Callao have even gas, kerosene oil being used.

For referring in print to the leader of the Stettin Academy of Music as a "violin scraper," a musical critic was lately sent to prison for five days by a Leipsic court.

Of three samples of honey examined in Massachusetts two were found to be chiefly glucose. It is a great mistake for farmers to allow their bees access to the glucose barrel.

Five sisters, the youngest of whom was fifty years old, and who had not met all together for forty years, held a reunion at the house of their father, in Milwaukee, recently.

To restore the colors of carpets, a thin layer of hardwood sawdust well dampened with a solution of common salt spread over them and allowed to dry, is said to be excellent.

Two Brooklyn men recently stole $100 worth of old brass and sold it for 40 cents—2½ cents apiece. It was such a small sum that the Judge gave each of them three months to add to it.

A bill is pending before the Alabama Legislature compelling persons carrying concealed deadly weapons to designate the fact on their persons by wearing a badge inscribed: "I am armed."

It has been discovered that a Michigan teacher, by a misunderstanding of an anatomical model used in a public school, taught his hundreds of pupils that the heart was the liver, and vice versa.

The raid on poisonous colored-candy is being continued in New York city by sanitary officials, who visit wholesale establishments and seize lots ranging from 100 pounds or less to 500 or more, all of which is destroyed.

A bicyclist in Atlanta hurled his hat at a dog, who got in the way of his wheel, to scare the animal off, but the latter quietly took the hat in his mouth and made off so rapidly that the owner was unable to recover the "tile."

Horse-Chestnut Blooms.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

BENEATH the dancing shadow of a wide-spreading horse-chestnut tree stood a child-woman, tall and fair.

Lovingly the old tree sprinkled its white snow of blooms over and around her, and the summer air was fragrant with flower incense.

So thought Bertha Figlia, as she strained her pretty throat in vain effort to echo the sparkling cascade of melody with which a provoking lark challenged and mocked her.

"Ah, yes! You may look at me sideways if you like—you know I can't do it; and although you perk your head so innocently, every feather on your little anatomy is ruffled with exultation," said the girl.

Silence fell.

Only the rustling of leaves and the distant lowing of cattle gave far communion with the struggling sigh that escaped envious Bertha's lips.

"I will go home," she said, "and drown my ambition in wells of whey. I will put my hope beneath the churn-dash, and tune my voice to calling stray pigs. 'Tis useless to think of anything else, when even a little meadow-lark can set my heart throbbing with envy. Bah! I'll go home, and keep on cutting bread and butter!"

She turned hastily away, but a chiding root of the sheltering tree caught one of her unwilling feet, and she fell forward directly into the arms of a gentleman, who, very properly, very naturally and very gracefully accepted the situation.

"Oh—oh! Excuse me, sir. I did not know that any one was near—my foot caught in that root," stammered Bertha, apologetically.

"Yes, I see it did. I was fortunate to have saved you from an unpleasant fall. Chance is sometimes very gracious. I was at that moment trying to invent some apology by which to make my presence known. The music attracted me from the highway, and really I could not tear myself from the spot."

Thus, with easy grace, the gentleman accounted for his opportune appearance; and blushing Bertha went in search of the straying cows a half hour after, less impatient with her own vocal powers, and weaving into her maiden dreams the warp and woof of the flattering words and manly beauty of the dark-eyed stranger.

Weeks fled, and somehow, as Bertha passed to and fro from the pastures, at first by chance, at length by design, she often met her accidental acquaintance beneath the overarching branches of the giant horse-chestnut.

Sitting one day, with her bared white foot idly patting the laving ripplets of a cowslip-bordered creek, her great gray eyes gazing musingly up at the shifting, pink-lined clouds, she thought over all that the stranger had told her—of the world lying beyond the long meadows—of the fortune lying in her wondrous voice, in the curves of her rounded limbs, in the witchery of her flower-face, in the waving glory of her yellow hair—of admiring and applauding thousands—of golden luxury and silk attire—of books, music and the power of song.

It was to this last that her soul responded. To sing—to do nothing but sing. To give expressions to all the musical raptures that swelled within, and hold mankind under the spell of her magic voice.

To live in an atmosphere where music was the be-all and end-all of existence.

Ah! this seemed to her artistic soul Elysium.

The die was cast—she must go. The tide of an unsatisfied longing flooded her whole being with enthusiasm, and even the heart-throb that went out to her tender, overworked mother gave only a momentary tug at the fixedness of her purpose.

"I will come back to her," she said, as she twinkled a shower of pearly drops from off the tips of her pink toes. "I will come back to her when I am rich and famous. She will forget the pain I gave her, and be proud even of my way-wardness. I will love her so that she shall forget the pain!"

* * * * *

A round harvest moon hung full and clear in the heavens, and the earth slept wrapped in the shrouded pallors of its pure beams.

Over swathes of cradled grain and mounds of fresh-mown hay; over peaceful herds chewing the cud of rest and contentment; over farmhouse and cottage streamed the silvery light, as Bertha Figlia looked a piteous good-bye upon the sleeping mother-face she dared not risk impressing with a parting kiss, and passed out into the humid night.

A sigh of satisfaction and relief escaped from the lips of him who waited there in the gloom as the flying figure, now clearly defined in a patch of mellow light, came through the night and halted at his side.

"I am come," breathed she. "Will you keep your promise?"

"Faithfully. By the heavens above——" began the man.

"Swear not at all," gravely interrupted Bertha. "To gratify my ambition, to cultivate the power God has given me, I have stolen away from the mother who has loved and cherished me, like a guilty thing. I have only your word on which to pin my faith. If the truth be on your lips, when I have won the fame I covet, I shall bless you as the genius of my success; but, if you deal traitorously with me, then the curse of a mother's broken heart will follow you into eternity."

"Words are idle. Let the sequel prove whether I am a man or a villain. Come! The train is due at the Junction in twenty minutes. We can talk at length on this matter when the iron-horse is bearing us on towards the scene of your future triumphs."

* * * * * *

One by one the months glided into years, and repeated themselves, and a fair, pale girl counted them as one step nearer the crowning of her hopes.

Her whole soul was absorbed in the art to which she had consecrated her young life.

She studied and sung as other people breathe.

Her character was harmony itself. She wept in time and sung in concord. The musical element was developing in her grandly, but at the seeming expense of every other sentiment.

The face of nature was beautiful to her only as it appealed to her ear through sounds, and she would listen hours with abated breath to the exterior and interior harmonies of rustling foliage, murmuring waters, ticking of the clock, the sighing winds, the plashing millwheel or the pattering raindrops; but she lost sight of human passions—of love, faith, sorrow and joy, as they gladden or rend to distraction the majority of God's creatures.

In the last year of her probation the story of that wonderful soprano voice was told, and the most celebrated masters and critics traveled to hear and judge of her powers. Some went away rejoicing, as only a musician can rejoice, over the perfection of vocalization; others, with envy and chagrin, closed their ears to the merits of so hopeless a rival.

And still she toiled on, never satisfied with herself—never relaxing one iota of the wearisome drill until the grand hour of triumph came, and La Scala rang with the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience.

She had literally to tread a path of flowers in retiring from the stage, and as a single sprig of feathery horse-chestnut blossoms fluttered down like a white dove and caught in the feathery laces above her throbbing breast, she raised it caressingly to her lips, then with an indescribable grace carried it to her heart, and with one swift glance towards the manager's box she vanished in the wings.

"Shall I have my reward, or did the familiar blooms stir up old memories, and thoughts of her mother force tenderness into her eyes?" mentally asked the man, as he turned away from the scene of his *protegee's* successful *debut*, yet only half-satisfied.

American interest and curiosity were on the *qui vive*.

Flaming posters and the press enthusiastically announced the opening night of Bertolani the new prima donna, in New York.

Foreign bulletins were widely copied, the fiat of the mighty few had gone forth, and expectation was running high in anticipation of the moment when the cantatrice should make her first bow to an audience of her country-people.

While the printer's ink was drying, society discussing what it should wear, and the chorus rehearsing, a man and a woman stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree whose autumn livery of gold and crimson drifted helplessly in the soft Indian summer breeze.

"I have been true, Bertha. You are famous. I have given you back to your mother stainless as you were the August night you left her. I have waited long and patiently—now may I claim my reward?" asked he.

"I am yours, maestro. Through you I am what I am. Take thine own. Would that it were a worthier offering!"

"My queen! My singing-bird! I ask no more of Fate. Beneath these shades I wooed thee; beneath these shades I won thee, and beneath, these shades I will wed thee."

"Yes, but not until I have finished my engagement for the season. I must make the triumphal tour, as you call it."

"I am impatient of delays, my sweet; but your will must henceforth be my law."

So it was finally arranged that they were to be married when the breath of spring had covered their trysting-tree with feathery garlands of bridal white.

They traveled from city to city, adding leaf by leaf to her laurel wreath!

He who had learned to love her so well would sometimes hold her white hands fast, as he listened to her voice soaring and vibrating with more than natural brilliancy and watched the rosy color fade from her face, leaving it pale and transparent as an agate.

After a little, the rendering of a few bars would fetch out a bright red spot on either cheek that struck a cold fear to the lover's heart.

He pleaded that she should rest.

"When we are married," she would answer him, with one of her rare, kindling smiles.

One night, as the whole audience sat breathlessly entranced by the matchless sweetness of her liquid voice, the end then came.

Like a star suddenly gone out into eternal space, she disappeared.

The silver bowl was broken, the golden cord loosed.

"Bury me where first we met," she whispered ere she died; and now the waving bows fan gentle breezes, Nature murmurs a soft lullaby, the little birds sing and requiems above her ashes, and a lonely man wanders restlessly over the face of the earth.

As a remedy for coughs and colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has never been equalled. Its name is a household word throughout the world.

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE.

AMONG the "reminiscences" of an "old Bohemian" is one which refers to a sleepless night passed by him on one occasion at a little wayside hostelry, lying a short distance back from the main road leading to Freiberg.

He was hungry and weary with a long day's travel, and in spite of the most earnest entreaties on the part of his faithful old servant Joseph—who declared from his knowledge of the Bohemian character that they would both most assuredly be murdered in their sleep if they rested there—he determined to apply at once for such shelter and accommodation as the place would afford.

The host, a full-blooded Czech, appeared at the door, and, in answer to their inquiries, assured them that nothing should be wanting to their comfort.

He had ample room, and a goodly store of provisions, and the servant was accordingly ordered to unyoke. Nothing, however, would induce the latter to sleep away from his horses—he would save them at any cost.

Giving free vent to his fears, and the dreadful forebodings of evil which weighed upon him, he succeeded, before retiring for the night, in inspiring the mind of his master with some of his own apprehensions, and with so much effect that the latter found it at last impossible to sleep.

After some hours of watching and suspense, he dropped at length into an uneasy slumber, which, short as it seemed, was disturbed by the most frightful and harassing dreams.

Suddenly a fit of coughing aroused him, and he fancied he heard a gentle creaking noise outside his door. He started up in bed, and listened intently. The stealthy tread of retreating footsteps along the narrow passage, was distinctly audible.

He sprang from the bed, crept as noiselessly as possible to the door, and cautiously opening it, peered out into the gloom.

At the further end of the passage a dark figure was just observable making its way silently through an entrance at the back into the courtyard which led to the stable.

The thought that poor Joseph was about to be murdered by their treacherous host—for it was undoubtedly he—filled the master with horror and alarm.

Forgetting to take either pistol or dagger, he rushed immediately at full speed along the passage, and out into the yard, intent on seeking to save, at all hazards, the life of his servant. There was the murderer, sure enough, just entering the door which he silently opened.

Would the master be in time? He followed as cautiously and rapidly as possible, and on approaching more closely saw the murderous villian crouching, tiger-like, as if preparing to spring upon his victim.

As quick as thought, the master threw himself forward and clutched the intending murderer firmly by the throat.

At the same moment he felt an iron grip upon his own. It became at once a struggle for life or death, and the master strove hard to make his own grasp the tighter.

He dared not shout, for no breath could be spared for the purpose. The deadly pressure of his fingers, however, wrung out a groaning cry from the other, striving in vain to wriggle from his grasp, and, to his intense surprise and relief, he discovered in them the muffled accents of poor Joseph himself.

The latter, unable to sleep, had been impelled, by his ever-increasing fears for master's safety, to make way to the room where he slept, and had endeavored to return as quietly as possible to the stable when he had assured himself that everything was still all right.

An interchange of explanations followed, and the suspense and anxiety of the night thus came to an end. The host, of whom so much evil was suspected, turned out, on further acquaintance, to be one of the most honest and worthy men that had ever lived.

M. S.

PAPER IN CHINA.—Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety. The young bamboo is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made in a mould by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut spirally, by a keen knife, into thin slices, six inches wide and twice as long. Funeral papers or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They are paper window frames, paper sliding doors, and paper visiting cards a yard long.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.—There is an ancient fiction that no woman shall look upon the British House of Commons while it is in session, and it is reported that many a titled wife has peered down through the lattice work surrounding the sustaining rod of the chandeliers. At the present time women are not allowed in the galleries of the House, but Sir C. Barry, the architect of the new Palace of Westminster, had largely his own way in designing the chamber, and, being a gallant by both birth and education, he ingeniously got around the old fiction by placing a carved wood screen in front of the ladies' gallery, through which the fair ones are technically supposed not to see, but of course they can all the same.

DYSPEPSIA.

Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce Constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

The immediate results are Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Foul Breath, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Sick Headaches, failure of physical and mental vigor, distressing sense of weight and fullness in the stomach, and increased Costiveness, all of which are known under one head as **Dyspepsia.**

In every instance where this disease does not originate from scrofulous taint in the blood, AYER'S PILLS may be confidently relied upon to effect a cure. Those cases not amenable to the curative influence of AYER'S PILLS alone will certainly yield if the PILLS are aided by the powerful blood-purifying properties of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Dyspeptics should know that the longer treatment of their malady is postponed, the more difficult of cure it becomes.

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50 Embossed Chromo Cards for 1885, name on, 10c. Present with each p'k. Potter & Co, Meadowvale, Ct

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

New Publications.

"Notes on Ingersoll" by Rev. L. A Lambert. This is the best and most complete refutation of the infidel's doctrines that we have ever read. Published at Buffalo, New York. Price 25 cents.

For many years the name of James Vick has been familiar to the people of this country. His new Floral Catalogue for this year is very attractive. It describes every variety of plant and flower one would wish to cultivate in garden or house. The price of the "Floral Guide" is 10 cents, and which will be remitted to those who give an order for seeds or plants. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of American History for December is excellent in every respect. It has a fine portrait of Daniel Webster for its frontispiece, which accompanies the second and concluding paper on the Unsuccessful Presidential Candidates, contributed by the editor, illustrated with portraits. The second paper of the number is an essay from the author of Oregon; Rev. William Barrows D. D., entitled Significant Beginnings Out West. Following this we have a description, by Charles Dimitry, of Zauba's Plot, in early New Orleans. One of the important articles of this valuable number is Tom the Tinker in History, a thoughtful and interesting discussion, by H. G. Cutler, of the tariff question. Another scholarly production of substantial merit and permanent value, by Edward Ingle, is entitled Colonial County Government in Virginia. The Huntington Collection of Americana, recently presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, forms the text of an illustrated paper on Historic Portraits (the Washingtons), by Miss E. B. Johnson. The career of Major-General John Mansell, B. A., is traced by Rev. William Hall, and portrait given. Original Documents contain extracts from an unpublished Order Book of Col. David Waterbury of the Revolution. Charles Ledyard Norton furnishes a chapter of Political Americanisms, and the Notes, Queries, Replies, and other departments, are crowded with varied and delightful entertainment. Price $5.00 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

The Popular Science Monthly for December has the following articles of general interest and information: The Reformation in Time-Keeping, Illustrated; American Aspects of Anthropology; School-Culture of the Observing Faculties; Queer Flowers; Alcoholic Trance; The Problem of Universal Suffrage; Cannibalism as a Custom; Starvation: Its Moral and Physical Effects; The Chemistry of Cookery; The Perils of Rapid Civilization; Religion and the Doctrine of Evolution; Liquefaction of the Elementary Gases; The Oil Supply of the World; Oddities of Animal Character; Biographical Sketch of Edward B. Tylor, with portrait. Correspondence, Editor's Table; Science in School Management; The Abuse of Political Power; A Jewish Explanation of Jewish Success. Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. D. Appleton & Co., Publisher, N. Y.

Cassell's Family Magazine starts the new year by assuming externally a new light blue cover, with a neat emblematic design. Inside all the good features of the part are retained; plenty of good reading with fine illustrations. Among the contents of the January number are the serials: A Diamond in the Rough; and Sweet Christabel; How I Furnished a Hundred Pounds; For Baby's Sake; The Metropolis of Shrimps; Railway Traveling in Comfort and Safety; George Fenwick's School-fellow; March for the Piano-forte; Women-workers in the United States; Sir Julius Benedict; Coming Thro' the Wood; A Shilling a Day and his Board; How we Founded Regent's Inn; Our Model Reading Club; What to Wear; A Point of Honor; Village Industries; The Gatherer, etc., etc. Cassell & Co., Publishers, New York. Price $1.50 per year; 15 cents per number.

Among the contents of *Arthur's Home Magazine* for January are the following articles: Frontispiece, Death of Charles V.; The Two Lilies; Dante and the Birds, Illustrated; Styles of Dressing the Hair among the Ancient Greeks; Snowdrifts, Illustrated; What is It? Illustrated; Pansies and Glycera, Illustrated; The Homes of Alice and Phœbe Cary; Lay Sermons; The Home Circle; Health Department; Young Ladies' Department; Housekeepers' Department; Home Decoration and Fancy needlework, Illustrated; Evenings with the Poets; Fashion Department; Pleasant Varieties; Notes and Comments. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Phila.

The Sanatarian for January among other very valuable articles contains the following: The Management of Epidemics, Concerning the Management of Epidemics such as Occur in Ordinary Inland Cities in a Northern Latitude; Management of Epidemics in Charleston, S. C.; Quarantine and Sanitation; Management of Measles, Whooping Cough and Diphtheria; Management of Puerperal Fever; Essential Conditions of Epidemic Diseases, and the Knowledge and Means Necessary for Their Control; Management of Cholera in Europe; The Cholera in Naples; Sanitation in the Mississippi Valley; Relative Mortality of the White and Colored Races; The Last Scene in the Greely Tent; International Collective Investigation of Disease Proposed by the International Congress at Copenhagen; Regulations Governing the Height of Houses; The Squalid Dwellings of the Poor; etc., etc. Price 35 cents a copy. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York.

A SONG OF TOIL.

When all the many lines of trade
Are busy running in full blast,
And for their wares they're fully paid,
The bosses make the dollars fast.

But when dull times shut down the mills,
And when no money is amassed,
Then bosses quickly cut their bills,
And make the worthy toilers "fast."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Free trade—Exchanging kisses.

A bad habit—An ill-made coat.

A slow match—Sparking, but never popping.

How to make a tall man short—Rob him of his purse.

The best thing in print—A pretty girl in a cotton dress.

A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow.

What relation is that child to its father, who is not its own father's son? His daughter, of course.

The five stages of brandy and water: First—Brandy and water. Second—Brandy and water. Third—Brandy wan. Fourth—Brandy. Fifth—Collapse.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child!" "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, should he be called a Hole?"

"The funds all gone?" shouted the depositor. "Every cent," replied the president. "Are you sure that he left nothing?" "Left nothing but the country."

Little Nelly climbed up on her uncle's knee and rubbed her chubby cheek against his face. "Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "Uncle Ted's cheek is all splinters!"

"We must protect our gold mines!" exclaims an editor. That's just the way it goes. An editor always has so many things to look after that there's no fun in life at all.

A little girl assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man finishing one. "He was just nailing on his last hind foot!" she said.

A Quaker, disliking to see "Esq." affixed to his name, advised a correspondent to direct his letters to him without a tail. And he received a reply superscribed, "Amos Jeremiah Smith, without a tail."

"Whisky is your greatest enemy." "But," said Mendell, "didn't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "It did, indeed; but it didn't say that we are to swallow them."

It is estimated that over 500,000 tons of paper are made in this country every year, and yet the man who shaves himself has sometimes to hunt around a good while before he can find a piece that he dare wipe his razor on.

An East Saginaw widow, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "The hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

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☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Free to All! A GOLD WATCH. LADIES WORK BOX.
The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known, illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the New Years: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth $30. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, postpaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST," and an Elegant Lady's Work Box with their name handsomely stenciled on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Easter Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 Copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.35, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all prepaid for 25 cts. Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.

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SOLD AND NOT WEAR OUT by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. Bunn & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

As soon as the New Year's bells ring out their chimes on the Winter air, the ladies are on the qui vive about their new outfits.

It is therefore high time they were estimating the probable lengths of trains and sleeves, and whether it will be allowable to go an inch lower on decollete corsages than last winter.

The verdict on trains as seen by the latest Parisian importations is that these appendages to ball costumes shall be at least two yards in length, and they must not be elevated, either.

No matter what the emergency, they must be dragged gracefully along by fashion's slave, no matter who is in danger of breaking his neck attempting to circumnavigate them.

But even this pondrous appendage is not a circumstance to those which are demanded for presentations at court.

Trains four yards long are requisite for those august occasions, and therefore fashionable belles in American society should remember that there is always something left to be grateful for.

With half the weight and incumbrance court ladies have to grapple with, the leaders of American fashions ought not to complain. In many instance entire costumes for evening full dress are composed of tinted laces.

Delicate shades of pink, salmon, blue and silver fawn crepe de Chine are employed as the foundation for putting on a garniture of embroidered lace flounces or cascades.

The crepe de Chine is placed over a lining of thin, highly dressed silk fabric. The train falls from the waist and is a mild form of court train, the round and square ones dividing the honors about equally.

Cream tinted or lilac velvet is also much sought for in ball toilets. These are embroidered in detached roses, pansies or daisies, the corsage cut Pompadour front, coming up very high in the back, and finished with a Medici collar.

The front breadth is composed entirely of lace ruffles and the bottom of the train finished with several bows of lace ruffles to match.

The waist is cut in vandykes, and the spaces between the points filled in with ruchings of lace.

From the top of the left shoulder falls a knot of satin ribbon in the shade of the velvet of which the dress is composed.

Entire outside dresses are made from silk escurial of vandyke laces in black and worn over pale tints of satin, and covering the entire costume, corsage included.

The effect of this arrangement of embroidered lace over satin is at one attractive and artistic, and is destined to be one of the most approved styles of the approaching season.

The slippers or boots to be adopted with the last described toilets must be of the same tint as the satin underdress.

If they are quite plain, with only a single flower or star in the centre of the vamp, either embroidered or hand painted.

If high topped boots are selected instead of slippers, the buttons, which are composed of either gold, silver or real stones, are the only ornaments.

Diamond, sapphire, pearl or topaz buttons are also worn upon corsages for fastenings by many of the wives and daughters of millionaries.

A pink uncut velvet toilet has real Arabian, gray pearl buttons in nail head size and shape. The front breadth is one mass of duchesse lace flounces and ruffles. The train is square, and a watteau of same lace as used in front falls from the shoulders, extending to the bottom of the pink velvet court train.

The Pompadour corsage front is worn perfectly plain, without even a finish of lace, and an ornament of pearls and diamonds suspended from a band of pink velvet falls in the centre of Pompadour.

A very showy and gorgeous costume was composed of white Brussels net lace, embroidered in gold pansies and water lilies.

The train was made from double box plaits of gold satin brocaded in white pond lilies and meadow grasses.

The corsage, V-shaped and also made from gold satin brocaded to match them. The sleeves came to the elbow and were of the gold embroidered Brussels net. White satin boots fastened with genuine gold buttons.

One of the most gorgeous ball toilets of the season, so far as heard from, is a cream-tinted silk India crepe drapery, over a skirt and bodice of pale pink satin rhadames.

The back is draped in watteau style, formed by a triple box plait, and is handembroidered in peacock birds, part with with close and part with spread plumage.

Over the front breadth is drawn another piece of the peacock embroidered India crepe and full hip paniers of the same, caught back in loose folds and fastened with natural stuffed impyian birds.

With this is worn cream-tinted hose, embroidered in peacocks of a smaller size than those upon the costume, and pink satin slippers to match the underdress.

Over the court train of pink satin is another of the embroidered crepe, finished with three ruffles of duchesse lace.

The sleeves are of crepe, finished at the elbows (or just above) with three ruffles of lace to match the train.

Thin silk mitts of cream tint were embroidered the entire length of the top in tiny peacocks and fastened upon the sleeves with a knot and loops of pink satin ribbon. A round, open fan of cream satin, edged with duchess lace, was ornamented in the centre with a small bird's head, the body being made from peacock feathers, thus having the appearance of a cross between a peacock and an impyian bird.

A young lady art student up-town seeing this masterpiece of embroidery work, determined not to be outrivaled by the needle, and so took her brush in hand to duplicate in paints and oil on a costume of white satin to be worn at a wedding reception.

Her success, so far as a work of art was concerned, was an unquestioned success; but embroidery on dress materials, if properly executed, bears off the palm in every instance.

Painting can not be made to stand out in bas relief like finely wrought needle work. But unless the most artistic and skilled needle woman performs the work the attempt is a failure as a piece of art.

Embroidered India and Chinese crepes make the most graceful drapery for evening costumes of any material employed for that purpose, and it is also quite the rage among those designing costumes for the advent of the coming festive season.

Next to this is the lace overdress or a drapery and flounces composed of lace.

Thick materials for draping ball and evening toilets have outlived their usefulness, and are tabooed altogether by Parisian modistes as well as by American imitators, who have to cater to the most exacting and fastidious customers of the nineteenth century.

A very simple and decidedly unique robe for a debutante is composed of sheer white silk India mull, over an underskirt of pale blue Chinese silk.

The waist is made by the ingenious arrangement of shirred puffs of satin.

The corsages is cut very high at the throat and has a Fedora front of gene escurial lace.

The drapery is very ample, and caught in graceful, billowy waves, falling to the bottom of the short skirt—the term short meaning in this instance dancing lengths—without train, and looped at intervals with pink wild roses and white daisies.

Upon the left side is a sash ribbon of blue and white brocaded satin, tied carelessly in a bow knot, and caught back loosely among the drapery.

The lace at the throat is caught with a gold bar pin set with three pink pearls set in the form of a clover leaf, with diamond stem.

Plain white spun silk hose and blue slippers, ornamented with pink pearls, complete this debutante's tout ensemble.

It appears, by this dainty confection, that there are to be some innovations made upon the regulation white Swiss and mull dresses, in years past supposed to be the only proper toilets for the fair young innocents on their first appearance at a public ball.

But most of these debutantes are quite as experienced in society ways and manners as the most inveterate dowager who has opened the Charity ball, or some other ball, with the greatest pomp and eclat, arrayed in velvet and point lace, for the last twenty years.

Fireside Chat.

THE CARE OF CLOTHES.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

It is best to watch carefully for the first appearances of wear in all your garments, for no proverb was ever so true as that which declares that "A stitch in time saves nine," and holes are always best "nipped in the bud."

Furs of all kinds are an expensive item in a lady's wardrobe, and require constant supervision.

If your sealskin jacket should get wet, and by any chance become spotted by rain, be sure to wipe it dry with a linen cloth, and do not on any account hang it near a fire,

Before putting away your furs for the summer, they should have the dust lightly switched out of them, and be well shaken and brushed.

They should never be worn after the sun becomes hot, in the spring, as the moth makes an early appearance, and lays its eggs swiftly and secretly, and any eggs that are in fur will be hatched in it after it has been put away; so be careful in the beating and shaking of your furs, and be sure they are quite dry, and that the place where you keep them is quite dry also.

Damp is one of their worst enemies. Wrap them in old linen pillow-cases, if you have them, for putting away, or if you have none, use stiff brown wrapping paper made into bags, and paste the ends securely up.

Furriers use this method of keeping their goods, but practically speaking they rely most on constant watchfulness and attention, on beating, shaking, and absence of any taint of damp.

I will briefly describe the best method for putting away clothes, but must first premise that all the articles are clean, and also all the spots of grease, sweets, etc., taken out, as many a hole has been eaten in a dress by some enterprising moth who was fond of a "tasty bit."

The application of a little ammonia will remove most spots; and a little chloroform applied with a little piece of woollen cloth, and rubbed briskly, will generally remove spots of paint, tar or grease.

Always use a woollen cloth to rub spots on woollen garments.

Fold all the garments so that they will not wrinkle, and having dusted out the box or drawer which is to contain them, spread a clean sheet wide open, and lay the clothes in a neat pile in the centre of it.

Then strew over them some ground black pepper or powdered camphor, and fold the sides, and then the ends of the sheet very neatly over, putting a stitch in them so that they shall not rip easily. Then close up your box, and keep it in a dry place.

Cedar shavings are also excellent preservatives against moths, and their fragrance is preferable to anything else.

Many people are fortunate enough to own a cedar-lined closet in their houses, but others content themselves with a cedar-lined chest, which answers the purpose equally well, and is more portable.

I have found a tin box very good for holding furs, and if carefully put away with pepper, they are usually safe in it.

Boots and shoes are articles that require constant looking after, and never should be worn without the buttons being looked at, to see that they are all there and tightly sewn on.

They should be replaced immediately their loss is discovered. It is best to attend them yourself, dust them when you take them off, and apply some good kid reviver when needed.

Lamplblack and glycerine is recommended by some people, as it does not polish the kid, but merely blackens it.

All shoes and boots should be kept in bags, either hanging in the wardrobe, or behind the door.

They are then safe from dust, and you know where to find them, to the great saving of both time and temper.

Remember to mend your gloves, and sew on the buttons when needed. Black kid should be rubbed with oil or butter, and a piece of flannel, before being worn; and when gloves require mending, they should be turned inside out, and sewn over and over on the wrong side.

Small holes in them may be mended with court-plaister, so as to be invisible, and a little good black ink and oil will cover white marks caused by wear.

One great secret in the care of clothes is to put them away when you take them off, and to have all the small articles ready for repairing them close at hand.

Fine and coarse needles and darners; silks and cottons, buttons of all sizes, from the smallest glove buttons to the large black horn button.

A well stored work-basket or drawer denotes, to my mind, a clever and successful manager, who will, by her thrifty care of the clothes of the household, add double to their powers of resistance against wear and tear.

A Fortune in a Hat.—There died in Germany not long since a wealthy old gentleman whose hat was the beginning of his fortune. As a boy, he had served an apprenticeship to a turner of wood.

In Germany an apprentice, having served his full time, is supposed to travel a year, or more, in order that he may see the world and gain an extended idea of business before he begins to work for himself.

Our boy set forth, with his scanty wardrobe upon his shoulder, and a daintily turned staff of boxwood and ebony in his hand.

In the course of his first year of travel, young Martin Mohl—for that was his name—called at an extensive and thriving machine shop for work. The rugged boy, sore, weary, barefoot, and pale-faced, did not look promising, and the foreman told him they had no work to give.

He was turning away sad-eyed and downcast when the proprietor of the shop chanced to enter.

"Ah, my brave lad—tell me, what sort of a hat is that you have upon your head?"

It was of felt made by himself and thus arose that great branch of industry.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be left entirely alone, it is when a full line of clothes, which she has just washed and hung out to dry, comes down in the mud.

Paramount virtue of religion is that it has lighted up morality.

Correspondence.

Jack.—You evidently do not know your own mind. It is the old story of the two stools. You had better give both up.

J. V. K.—A subscriber to The Post who once subscribed in a club, cannot renew his subscription at club rates, when he is in a place where there is no club. He will have to pay regular rates. The reduced club rate is only offered as an inducement to raise clubs.

J. Mossrose.—Leap-year originated with the astronomers of Julius Cæsar, but in the privilege it accords to the ladies is a matter of tradition. Our idea of the matter is, that it was only on the day added to the February of leap-year that the privilege was originally accorded.

Reed.—We are quite unable to tell you the names of the French authors of the songs. The translation of the first lines is, "I am old, I am sixty, I have worked all my life." Of the second, "My heart sighs all the night and day; Who can tell me if this is love?" Of the third, "Let me return to my country or let me die."

X. Y. Z.—Gilding on wood and similar materials, such as are used in picture frames, may be performed by first coating the surface with boiled linseed-oil and white-lead, and then applying gold size. Whilst the latter is still in what is known as the "tacker" condition, gold leaf may be laid over it and will readily adhere.

Country.—The best way for you to learn book-keeping will be to take lessons from a good clerk or accountant. Watch the daily papers; a great many people advertise their willingness to give lessons on very reasonable terms, and if you are quick in learning there is no reason why you should not soon become proficient.

Artine.—Your sentimental correspondence is altogether premature. No young lady can safely engage in such a correspondence with a gentleman until she is engaged to be married to him. The gentleman cannot be said to be a beau or to be wooing you, and this is what is understood by the expression "keeping company."

Ella.—You may properly and safely marry the gentleman if you love and respect him. There is no legal or other obstacle to the union. Do not allow anything that you may have said under the circumstances at the time of your sister's death to stand in the way of the happiness and welfare of your sister's child and yourself.

Desmond.—We do not think you would become proficient in so short a time, but you will be wise nevertheless to take lessons. Constant practice alone will ensure success; nothing is learnt without application and energy. It is a great mistake to imagine that it can be, though the natural aptitude of some is greater than that of others.

H. R. H.—Franz van Mieris was a Dutch painter, born at Leyden, who flourished between the years 1635 and 1681. Among his distinguishing merits were an unusual sweetness of coloring, a wonderfully delicate touch, and a transparency almost peculiar to himself. If the painting you have purchased is by him, it would be of considerable value.

Thunderbolt.—The difference between lightning and thunder is the difference between the flash and the report of a powder explosion. Lightning has been defined as "a sudden discharge of electricity from a cloud to the earth, or from the earth to a cloud, or from one cloud to another;" thunder is the sound which follows the explosion.

W. Barton.—We believe that doctors trust rather to cleanliness and regularity of life than to any outward application to protect them from infectious diseases. We have heard of visiting nurses wearing garments which they sprinkle with a disinfectant just before entering or leaving the house of the sick person. The solution used is probably carbolic acid.

Lekka.—As you get plenty of fresh air and exercise during the day, we cannot account for your inability to sleep, unless your bedroom is insufficiently ventilated, or you have a superfluous quantity of bed-clothing. We advise you, by all means, not to resort to either a stimulant or sleeping draught. Perhaps your health is not good; if so, it would be well to consult a medical man. We have heard that a pillow filled with chaff will promote sleep, but cannot vouch for the truth of it.

A. B. C.—The condition of the knees popularly known as "knock-knees" is an inward projection of the lower ends of the thigh-bones, where they terminate in the knee-joint. It often originates from the habit some mothers have of allowing, and even encouraging, their children to walk before they are strong enough to do so. If arising from constitutional weakness, the treatment to be recommended is rest, good food, pure air, and a course of iron and cod-liver oil. In bad cases, splints should also be worn.

Connie.—It is probable that you already love him more than you are aware of. Would you like to have him cease paying attention to you, and become engaged to another young lady? Ask yourself that question, and answer it honestly to your own heart. Then you will know something of what your real feelings are towards him. One thing is certain: If you do not love him, and become satisfied that you never can do so, you should discourage his attentions to you, and so save him, if possible, from a bitter disappointment.

Constant.—The best treatment for tender feet is to bathe them daily in tepid water, and dry them well afterwards with a soft towel. Great comfort will be derived from this plan, especially after much walking. If your feet get only slightly chafed, you will find great benefit by rubbing them simply with a little olive-oil. If the chafing is severe use wet lint with oil-silk or zinc ointment. Before starting on a long walk it is a good plan to rub the feet all over with olive-oil. Thick socks and easy-fitting boots are, of course, essential for comfort in walking.

Upward.—We think so, most undoubtedly, and we unhesitatingly recommend you not only to begin, but also to persevere. The lessons contained in the publications mentioned are not only eminently adapted to purposes of self-tuition by the clearness and fulness of the explanations given, but are so carefully graduated as to lead on the student, almost imperceptibly, to greater heights of knowledge, and that in the most pleasant manner. Many men have begun the important work of self-improvement at a much later period of life than you have attained. It is said that Sir Richard Arkwright, the great inventor and mechanician, set himself to learn English grammar and to improve himself in writing and spelling when he had reached the age of fifty years.